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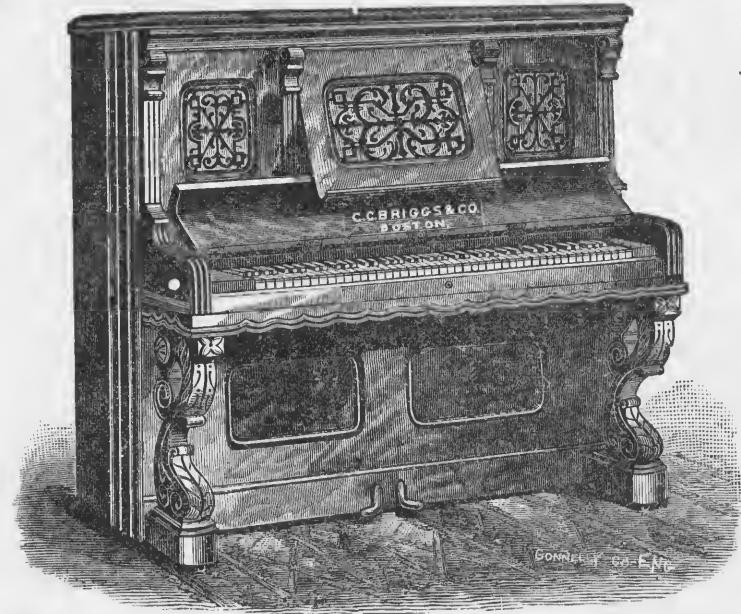
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# MUSICAL JOURNAL DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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## THE "STABAT MATER" OF VARIOUS MASTERS.

**A**MONG the innumerable crowd of musicians, who, from the end of the 15th century down to the present day, have tried their talents on this song of pain, seven have produced works which have achieved celebrity. These great artists are Josquin Després, Palestrina, Pergolese, the Marquis of Ligniville (Prince de Conca), Haydn, Boccherini, and Rossini. There is nothing more interesting than to compare these works, so different in character, in form, and in the means by which they produce their effects, but, if we separate each one from its own epoch, if we do not thoroughly imbibe the sentiments which inspired the composer, and if we entertain fixed opinions against the tendencies of one school or the other, it is impossible to form an impartial judgment on the subject. If, however, our mind is eclectic, if it makes allowance for the influence of circumstances, and for the aim the artist had in view, we shall have a well-founded opinion of the value of each work, and our judgment will be impartial, for eclecticism is enlightened impartiality.

Behold us, then, face to face with the *Stabat* of Josquin Després, who ruled the art of his own time. Church music was then written for voices alone, without any accompaniment, even of the organ. The art of writing had just emerged from its swaddling clothes, and harmony was limited to a single consonant chord. For Josquin the *Stabat* was a sequence, a prayer; his mission was simply to impart to this prayer a calm and devout character. The Savior on the cross and the grief of Mary have nothing relating to human sentiments; it is the mystery of the Redemption in process of accomplishment. The artist did not see, therefore, in the work he had to produce, aught more than an act of calm devotion, and for this he possessed what he required, the pure sounds of the human voice and consonant harmony. The composition is written for five voices on the ancient Roman chant of the sixth tone (F major). One of the voices sings uninterrupted plain chant, in sustained notes, and upon this theme the remaining four voices join in such sweet harmony, in something displaying such intelligent treatment of rests, imitations, and the opposite character distinguishing the different classes of voice, that, if we bear in mind the considerations stated above, the work is really beautiful and worthy the attention of every educated and impartial musician.

Three-quarters of a century elapsed from the moment that Josquin wrote his *Stabat Mater* to the period which saw Palestrina produce his. The order of ideas presiding over musical compositions was still the same, but art had improved in form, and Palestrina brought to it the power of his individuality. The composer already aimed at producing effect by the means, still limited, at his disposal. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* is for eight voices in two choruses. The latter, alternately separate and combined, produce some striking effects. In this sublime composition we perceive most plainly that the composer was deeply imbued with the words of St. Matthew: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land unto the ninth hour. . . . And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." It is a sentiment of terror which reigns in the work of the Papal chapelmaster. The three perfect major chords with which the first chorus commences on the words "*Stabat Mater*," and to which the second sings the words "*Juxta Crucem*," are something horrible, something barbarous, which wounds our musical feeling by the false relations that their succession engenders. It is something out of Pa-

lestrina's habitual style, always so pure in its harmony. But Palestrina required an accent of horror, and as he did not have at his disposal dissonant natural harmony, unknown during his life, it was only by violating the laws of tonality that he could obtain that accent. The sombre grief he wished to express seizes the soul at the combination of the two choruses on the words, "*O quam tristis et afflita fuit illa benedicta, Mater Unigeniti!*" It predominates up to the end of the work, and leaves no doubt as to the feeling by which the artist was moved when writing the latter.

Between Palestrina and Pergolese there was a period of one hundred and fifty years; art was transformed; a new system of tonality had arisen to furnish accents hitherto unknown; and instrumental coloring had combined with voices to form a complex whole. Such were the elements placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan composer. Feeble as regarded his physical constitution, his soul alone possessed energy; but powerful combinations were repugnant to it; it took pleasure in works of small dimensions only. He has accents to express tenderness, but not to express force. His *Stabat Mater* is, consequently, not a grandly developed composition; we do not find the powerful effect of choruses employed in it; a soprano and a contralto constitute all the vocal portion, while the orchestra consists of only two violin parts, a tenor and a bass, with the organ. The work is not always equal; two numbers are weak in their conception; but what touching sadness there is in the others! It seems as though Mary's tears had fallen upon Pergolese's heart. When executed by first-class artists (for such are necessary) the *Stabat* of Pergolese has always moved an audience; its celebrity eclipsed that of the other compositions of the same kind, and there is no doubt that this celebrity was well deserved. The work has lost none of its value for the connoisseur not under the influence of a particular epoch.

Although Haydn's talent does not shine to such advantage in his church music as in his instrumental music, he was happily inspired in his *Stabat Mater*. The nobleness of character which, as a rule, predominates in his ideas, is associated in this production with the tinge of melancholy cast over it. Haydn appears to have felt that the grief experienced by the mother of the Saviour was no human grief. We perceive, at the bottom of this sentiment, the resignation belonging to entire confidence in the fruits of the sacrifice which is being accomplished. This fine composition does not enjoy its due share of popularity in the world of music; a few formulae of the time alone disfigure it.

The least known of all the *Stabats* which I have mentioned is that of the Marquis de Ligniville, an amateur whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who, having died young, did not produce much. His *Stabat*, a charming "*Salve, Regina*," and a "*Dixit Dominus*," for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. Looking at his subject from a point of view very different to that of the other composers I have named, the Marquis de Ligniville did not endeavor to portray sentiments above human nature, nor to strike terror into his audience. What he wanted to express was the mystic tenderness for God expiring on the cross, and we must confess that he has succeeded admirably. Three voices, sometimes all similar, as in the first verse, sung by three sopranos, and as in "*Quæ mærebat et dolebat*," for three contralti, and sometimes mixed, for soprano, tenor, and bass, or for soprano, contralto, and bass, as in the other verses, three voices, I say, without accompaniment of any kind, are sufficient for the author of this interesting composition to produce the most touching impressions. The Marquis de Ligniville considered it incumbent upon him to give all his numbers the form of canons, but these combinations are

merely accessories, which in no way injure the impression of sentiment.

Boccherini looked at his subject from the same point of view as the Marquis in his work, but with powerful resources for the production of effect, as his three voices are accompanied by an orchestra. The ingenious abundance of happy ideas which is conspicuous in all the other works of this great musician is found also in the work under consideration; but he has infused into it more melancholy, and even more force in certain verses, as, for instance, in "*Cujus animam gementem*." Though known only to the erudite in music, and, perhaps, never performed, this composition is worthy of the greatest admiration.

One of the most powerful geniuses of the nineteenth century, Rossini, wrote a *Stabat*; he made of it a drama, under the form of an oratorio, or sacred cantata. In taking this course, the illustrious master yielded to the proclivities of his genius. To appreciate properly the value of his work, we must look at it from his point of view, and not see in it music destined for the church, at least as regards certain verses, for otherwise we should run the chance of forming a very erroneous judgment of it. The originality of thought and form, the happy employment of the riches of harmony, and of the combinations of voices and instruments—such are the things we ought to consider in this fine work; we must, more especially, take care not to make any comparisons between it and works conceived with a totally different object. Regarded, therefore, for itself, this fine composition contains matter for unrestricted praise in the introduction ("*Stabat Mater*"); in the tenor air ("*Cujus animam gementem*"); in the quartet ("*Sancta Mater*"); and in the air with chorus. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has already withstood the ordeal of time and criticism; it is at the present day, justly classed among his finest works.

## THE PERPENDICULAR PRONOUN.

**A**NY of the essays presented at the State and national music teachers' conventions, very sensibly says the *Song Friend*, "read like a quack doctor's circulars in the overshadowing reference to the writer's personal experience. The line of thought is about on this wise: 'After I had learned all that could be taught in America, I went to Europe where I discovered that I knew about as much as the best teachers there. I was the best pupil in my class. I was selected to play (the fool) at the most important concert of the season. I had many flattering professional offers to remain on the continent, but I felt that I should come to my benighted native land to vouchsafe to my fellow-countrymen and country-girls my wonderful method—the method that I developed in my own fertile brain. I consequently opened my conservatory at room 111, Humbug Block, New York. I at once found that the eyes of the whole world were upon me, for such matchless genius as mine cannot exist unknown. Well, my classes were thronged and reporters crowded my corridors, and when I began to produce my boiled-down quintessence, Double-Action Reversible Feed method the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and, just as serious results were imminent, my fathomless judgment shut her off and comparative quiet was restored.' As this is merely the introduction, the remainder of the 60 minutes' essay, which was to be only 30 minutes, had better be imagined."

Is there not some way by which the programme committee can induce or compel the essayist to discuss principles instead of giving us the scum that runs over their pot of egotism?

# Kunkel's Musical Review

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**W**"WAGNER SOCIETY" has been started in New York at the suggestion of Mr. Stanton, the business manager of the German Opera, who has been elected its president. This is hailed by the members of "The Wagnerian Church" the world over as evidence of the progress of Wagner's musical theories in this country, while, as a matter of fact, there is nothing in it but a clever bit of business management on the part of Mr. Stanton, who is perfectly willing to let any sort of a craze help along the enterprise which he manages. Wagner's music, in spite of its occasional sublimity, is not gaining ground in this country and his art theories are not even understood by the majority of those who have joined the new society.

**P**AUL PASTNOR, in the last issue of *Church's Musical Visitor*, has an article upon "Incoherent Music," in which he says that a musical composition "may be faultless in form, it may be gracefully worked out in every technical respect, and yet it is a failure as a work of art, if it does not bring the mind of the composer and the minds of those he addresses into that vital sympathy inspired by ideas." Mere words can never move the hearts of men, neither can mere notes; there must be meaning, purpose, ideas, behind the symbols.

Too much incoherent music is being produced at the present time. There are scores and hundreds of Sunday-school hymns, for instance, that are perfectly characterless; they are mere jingles of notes, written to order, and often without reference to words, certainly without reference to ideas, etc."

Now, this is all true, but it is aside from the author's thesis: that the cause of incoherency in music is lack of ideas and purpose. Coherency in music may be quite consistent with triviality, and a certain amount of incoherency may be quite consistent with, nay an element in, sublimity. Coherency in music is purely a matter of form, Mr. Pastnor notwithstanding. A composition void of (musical) ideas is evidently "a failure as a work of art" but if its themes, however trivial, are consistently worked out, it cannot help but be coherent. As a matter of fact there is very little musical thought in the namby-pamby Sunday-school melodies which Mr. Pastnor condemns, but most of them are perfectly coherent. Upon the other hand, for the sake of illustration, we may say that there are not a few passages in Wagner's works that lack the element of coherency and yet are far from being devoid of musical thought—which means, after all, emotional contents. Mr. Pastnor has in mind one thing while he speaks of another. That is probably what has commended the article to several of our exchanges, which have hastened to reproduce it *in extenso*.

THE ABBOTT-CANDLER MATTER.

**A**RS. WETHERILL, better known as Emma Abbott, "— — and forty," but with a fondness for kittenish names, such as "Our Emma," "Honest little Emma," etc., is an alleged lyric artist, whose performances are most admired by those whose musical knowledge is least. For years, she has posed before the American people, asking for sympathy—substantial sympathy in the form of dollars—on the ground that, though on the stage, she was not of the stage. Her "honesty" her virtue have been extolled by her managers and press agents, if not under her direction at least with her knowledge and consent, as something remarkable in one whose associations were with the theatre. In a word, her entire course has been one of ceaseless maligning by implication of the profession to which she belongs.

"Honest little Emma," "— — and forty," however, has suddenly blossomed forth as a defender of the stage—a self-appointed defender, let us hasten to say, for she is surely one of the last persons whom her profession would have selected as a representative for any purpose.

When the "prima donna" discovered, while in Nashville, Tenn., by a reference to newspaper announcements that the Rev. Mr. Candler, a Methodist clergyman, was about to preach a sermon upon "The evils of the Stage," she too prepared a little speech and, having doubtless duly rehearsed it, proceeded to Mr. Candler's church and waited her opportunity. The preacher had his say and then "Our Emma," "— — and forty," arose in the congregation and proceeded to protest, claiming that "the great lights of the stage" such as Jenny Lind, Modjeska, Albani and — Emma Abbott had been good women, etc. Mr. Candler declined replying on the ground that his excited interlocutor was "a lady" but characterized the performance as "more fit for the theatre than the house of God."

It has been known all along that Abbott had no sense of stage propriety—her emasculations of roles, her interpolations of inappropriate music into the operas which she has pretended to render, have for years brought upon her head the animadversions of connoisseurs and the applause of the gallery gods. It remained for her to demonstrate that she was equally ignorant or unmindful of the common proprieties of social life and to make it appear that the Rev. Mr. Candler's reference to her as "a lady" was far more courteous than exact. The Rev. Mr. Candler was further mistaken in referring to the screed of the self-appointed

defender of the stage as a thing that was far more appropriate to the theatre than to the church. Ill-manners are appropriate nowhere, and had the Rev. Mr. Candler paid his way in at the Abbott performances and from his bought seat created a disturbance by criticising in words the vile acting and viler singing of the Abbott, he would have found himself promptly and vigorously ejected from the "sacred" precincts. The change of sex only makes the action of the alleged *prima donna* more immodest and hence her offence more heinous, the change of place makes boorishness border upon sacrilege.

Abbott's harangue was as illogical as it was improper. Many persons go through a cholera epidemic and survive, but that does not prove that cholera is conducive to health. Blondin is reported hale and hearty to-day after his crossing of Niagara Falls upon a tight-rope and other similar feats, but no one would on that account recommend a tight-rope as a safe method of passage over the Falls. The effect of the stage upon morals is not to be determined by selected cases, which may be exceptions that prove a contrary rule, but by its effect on

the mass, and Abbott's opinion of the mass of stage-people has been too long and too often shown, by her Pharisaical assumption of superior virtue, to make it permissible for her, at this late day, to attack another for expressing in words to his own congregation what she has proclaimed to the world in action and through the press for many years.

It looks as if "Honest little Emma," "— — and forty," had endeavored to get some cheap advertising. If so, she has received it, but we doubt whether it is of a kind that will turn to her profit, for it seems that all she has succeeded in demonstrating in this instance is her own ill-manners and the fact that she has reached that period of life when, in the natural evolution of things, the kitten becomes an old cat and the vixen a virago.

THE PIANO CURSE.

**M**E all know by experience what is meant by "the piano plague," the ceaseless drumming and strumming upon the patient instrument that make the day wearisome and the night hideous in the cities throughout the civilized world, and that have led the practical and autocratic councils of several German towns to pass ordinances forbidding the playing of the piano with open doors or windows within certain specified hours. It is not of this evil, however, that we wish to speak now, but of the injury which the popularization of the piano has done to the advancement of music in this country.

At the outset, let us hasten to say that we have no quarrel with the piano on account of its "tempered" scale, no sympathy with the attacks made upon it upon the ground that it "spoils the ear" of vocalists and others, for we shall be quite happy when these performers reach the accuracy of pitch of the much-blamed piano. Take it all in all, the piano is incomparably the best of musical instruments. Its very capabilities, however, have made it an evil genius in modern musical life. Its fixed scale enables the merest tyro to play what little he may be able to play at all, in tune, and thus invites incompetents, because it least shows their incompetency. Its relatively high price and its showiness as an article of furniture have made it in this country a sort of badge or pledge of gentility and thousands of pianos are purchased every year by persons who have no other use for them than to have what people of their set are expected to have—and this leads to the development of the musical false pretenses and cant that are so prevalent among so-called "society" people, and which prove so serious an obstacle to the true progress of music.

Upon the other hand, while the tyro may get some sort of a tune out of it with less labor than out of almost any other instrument, to attain anything like technical proficiency in playing it, more practice must be devoted to it than to any other instrument. The result is that the majority of piano-players spend so much time in practice that they have no leisure left for study. Paradoxical as this statement may seem at first, it is nevertheless true. Hours are spent daily for years upon mechanical exercises, which at best develop only manual dexterity, when not five minutes are devoted to the study of the formal or emotional analysis of the compositions attempted. Here again the piano becomes an obstacle rather than a help to true musical growth.

Finally, the piano has done more to kill the old-fashioned singing school and thus to generally restrict the knowledge of even the rudiments of music to the female sex in these United States, than any other agency. The practical, material life of a new country like ours makes demands upon men which leave them too little leisure to permit them to spend hours daily in the practice

of music. Before the piano and its humbler fellow, the reed organ, had become the universal instruments, the natural love of music had to be satisfied through nature's means, the voice, and the demand for harmony compelled the utilization of male voices. This gave rise to a study of music, not thorough indeed, but valuable as far as it went, upon the part of the young men. Gallantry stepped in to help the cause. The "singing school" was of course attended by the fairer sex; their escorts were but too glad of the opportunity of going with them, and when there, they naturally joined in the singing. Their music may not have been such as would stand the test of severe criticism, but it was far better than nothing. The men who could then read ordinary music at sight, were many—now they are few.

Again those who had a taste for instrumental music were compelled to organize trios, quartettes, and quintettes of various instruments in order to get the harmony of compositions—and how many household quartettes were thus developed! Now there are none.

This throttling of vocal music and of other instrumental music was the work of the piano. The young lady who had leisure to learn to play after a fashion no longer needed the assistance of her brothers. She could play the harmonies as written (or as improved (?) by herself) upon the patient strings. Indeed it was rather convenient not to have others about when her "beau" was in the parlor. Vocal music, the singing-school became "common," "countryified," and little by little died out, leaving the piano sole monarch of the realm of music.

Well, what are we going to do about it? we fancy we hear one ask. Drive out the piano and its congeners? Borrow Mrs. Partington's broom and sweep back the waves of the piano invasion? Assuredly not. The task would be an impossible one, and we are inclined to think that, at this stage, it would be unwise to make the attempt, even if it had a chance of success, for it is hardly conceivable that the social and musical conditions of the past could now be restored by the mere removal of the agent that provoked a change now accomplished. The curse can now be best removed not by going back but by going forward, and at least three things can be done to change the evil into a blessing.

1st, We can insist upon a higher standard of pianistic excellence and thus, to a certain extent, discourage superficiality.

2nd, We can encourage the study of other instruments by ladies as well as gentlemen—particularly stringed instruments, which demand more study in the early stages.

3d, We can and should demand the systematic teaching of vocal music in all our schools, public and private, and encourage the revival of the old-fashioned singing-school—not the humbug "musical normal"—wherever practicable.

As we look over the field, indeed, it seems to us that the good work has already been begun in certain quarters along the lines indicated above. Let it be vigorously inaugurated and carried on everywhere and before many years the piano curse will have been removed; the piano, a bad master, will have become an excellent servant and music and musicians will be more prosperous and more highly esteemed.

**H**E musical education of children cannot be begun too soon. It is not possible, of course, to begin serious, systematic instruction with a mere infant, but a good deal can be done in the way of play, and the foundation for subsequent musical progress may be laid while the pupil is quite unconscious of what is being done. The

young child's ears can be familiarized with tones and their relations quite as readily as with words and their combinations. Gounod relates that his mother began his musical training so early that, before he could speak, he distinguished perfectly the various airs with which his ears were lulled and the difference between major and minor melodies. It may be said he had an unusually fine musical organization, but the feat he relates of himself is not a rare one among young children nor one that betokens unusual musical talents. It is an almost universal experience that children in arms are put to sleep or quieted by some one particular melody—showing that they recognize it whenever it is sung to them. It seems therefore quite as possible that the early training of Gounod and of others who in later life became eminent musicians, originated an unusual development of a perhaps ordinary musical faculty, as that their talents were originally extraordinarily great. We do not mean to say, of course, that all children who receive an early musical training will develop into musical geniuses, nor do we advise keeping a young child at work on tedious exercises, that will overtax the young brain and lay the foundation for future disease, but it will hurt no child to be taught to sing as it is taught to speak, not with grammar and dictionary, but by the actual hearing and imitation of others—learning first the how and leaving the wherefore until later.

#### DON GIOVANNI.

**D**OZART, writing to his "dearest and best friend," Gottfried Jacquin, from Prague, on the 4th of November, 1787, says: "My opera, 'Don Giovanni,' was given here on the 29th of October, with the most brilliant success." Before the event, the composer was anxious; after the first rehearsal, he asked the orchestral conductor, Kucharz, in confidence, what he thought of the opera. Even after the "brilliant success" of the first evening, he did not seem to expect that it would become world-famous. To the librettist, Da Ponte, he writes humbly, "Perhaps it will be performed in Vienna. I hope so." For the time, Mozart was forgotten in Vienna. Martin's "Cosa Rara," Dittersdorf's "Doctor und Apotheker," and Salieri's "Azur," were attracting the attention of the court and of the public. Of the popularity of the first-named, we get a glimpse in the supper scene of "Don Giovanni" itself. The private musicians play favorite airs from the newest operas. As soon as they commence the last movement of the first *Finale* from the "Cosa Rara," Leporello exclaims "Bravi! Cosa Rara." But when at last "Don Giovanni" was performed in the Austrian capital it was a failure. So says Otto Jahn, the biographer of Mozart. It was certainly performed fifteen times in 1788, but after that it was not heard again until November 5, 1792, and in a "miserable German adaptation by Spiess."

"The opera is divine," said the Emperor Joseph to Mozart, "but it will try the teeth of my Viennese"; to which the latter promptly replied, "We will give them time to chew it." Well, now, the whole world has had time to chew it, and has fitly endorsed the Emperor's opinion. The special performances to be given this month at home and in various parts of the Continent, to celebrate the centenary of the production of "Don Giovanni," show how wonderful a work it is. What opera by any other composer of the eighteenth century has maintained its popularity for a hundred years? What, indeed, has become of the afore-mentioned operas which, for a time, engrossed public attention, and caused people to turn deaf ears to the beauties of Mozart's music? "Don Giovanni" has certainly not had to wait a hundred years in order to become admired—even in Mozart's day there were others besides the Emperor who could appreciate its merits. But in this long lapse of time we can better judge of its greatness. We can see how it outlived all its contemporaries, and also how it bids fair, judging by its present popularity, to live on in undiminished glory. "Fidelio" and "Der Freischütz," to say nothing of more modern works, have done, and can do, it no harm.

The centenary of the production of Mozart's masterpiece suggests a few remarks about the work. During its long life it has met with many adven-

tures. When the opera was produced at Vienna, three new pieces were introduced by Mozart. The soprano air "Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata" and the tenor air "Dalla sua pace" were added for the singers Mdlle. Cavalieri and Signor Francesco Morella. But a *buffo* duet for Zerlina and Leporello was written besides, and with this piece Mozart evidently wished to please the gods. Otto Jahn justly remarks that it is out of place in "Don Giovanni." But soon the opera met with bad treatment. A score, formerly in the private music collection of the King of Saxony, and supposed to have been written about the year 1790, gives us an early instance. The text is completely changed, the order of the music altered, and pieces introduced from the operas "Figaro" and "Titus." For example, Zerlina and Leporello appear immediately after the overture; they are betrothed, and while the former is trying on a bonnet, the latter sings "Cinque, dieci" from "Figaro." Later, on presenting to her a ring, she sings "Vedrai carino." It would serve no useful purpose to give the new plot in detail. The piece concludes with the supper scene, but as no *Commendatore* has been killed, the reader must not expect his ghost to interrupt the festive scene. A knock is heard: *Don Giovanni* goes to the door, and comes back followed by the *Ministro della giustizia*. The latter sings the music assigned to the *Commendatore*, but his first words are "Signor conte, ah mi perdoni, senza invita io son venuto." Let us leave this caricature of the opera, and turn to another, and, in some respects, a worse one. The "Marriage of Figaro" had been given in Paris, in distorted form, in 1793, and had met with no success. The turn of the "Magic Flute" came in 1801, and the performance has been described as a "pastiche ridicule"; it was entitled "Les Mystères d'Isis," and was nicknamed by the musicians of the orchestra "Les Misères d'Isis." In 1805 it came to the turn of "Don Giovanni" to be represented in a fashion equally ridiculous and reprehensible. Libretto and score were "turned upside down," says a French historian; the only piece left untouched was the overture. Music by other composers was freely introduced. The entry of the *Commendatore*, the duel, and the fine trio for the three basses were all cut out; so also was the solo for *Donna Anna*, "Or sai chi l'onore," when she recognizes the assassin of her father. *Anna, Elvira, Ottavio* did not appear in the *Finale* of the first act. The reader, from this, may imagine that the *Trio of Masks* had to be sacrificed. Not so; it was sung by three gendarmes. The two soprano parts rendered by men's voices an octave lower must have produced a comical effect.

The scene was at Naples; an eruption of Vesuvius destroyed *Don Juan's* palace. Close by the ruins was seen the statue of the *Commendatore*, which *Leporello*, in a few phrases of recitative composed by Kalkbrenner, invited to supper. So ended the first act. The "O statua gentilissima" was given later on in a "salon d'auberge." But in spite of all this cutting, adding, changing, in spite of the ridiculous words, the opera was successful. In 1834 Castil-Blazé gave a new version of "Don Juan," "more true to the original," says Otto Jahn. It is perhaps as well not to enquire too deeply into this version, for from all we know of him Castil-Blazé cannot have been very much better than the arrangers of the earlier version, whom he calls "bunglers" (tripoteurs); "disarrangers" (défangeurs); he was indeed scarcely the man to cast stones at other people. Under such disadvantageous circumstances did "Don Juan" make its first appearance on the French boards.

As in Paris, so in London, "Figaro" was first given. In Paris, as we have seen, that opera was not successful. In London it was quite different, and the favor which "Figaro" met with probably led to the production of "Don Juan." It should be noticed, however, that the two operas were known, in some form or other, much earlier in Paris.

"Don Giovanni" was played for the first time in London at the King's Theatre on April 12, 1817. "The very announcement of this opera," says the writer of the notice which appeared two days later in the *Morning Herald*, "was sufficient to kindle a hope of pleasure which soon became almost enthusiasm." The *Morning Chronicle* spoke of the opera as "the greatest work of Mozart's, and the finest specimen that exists of dramatic music." But how was the music given? Sir Henry Rowley Bishop commenced "adapting" foreign operas to the English stage. The writer of the article on Bishop in *The Musical Times* for December, 1886, speaks of "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," "Il Barbiere," and "Guillaume Tell" as "having passed into the Meloch of adaptation, coming out scathed, distorted, and hardly recognizable." It is quite possible, as the writer suggests, that Bishop did these thins-

"against his own inclination"; but, at the present moment, the history of Mozart's opera alone concerns us. No doubt the habits of the time and the state of public taste and opinion may be urged in palliation of his crimes. It is difficult to state exactly the extent to which "Don Giovanni" was mutilated, from the published piano arrangements of the overture and some of the songs. They are full of small changes—principally cuts. In almost every page proof is given that the adaptor did whatever pleased him, and was guided by what he thought the public would like and applaud.

Times have changed: such concoctions as those of Kalkbrenner or Bishop would now be hooted off the stage. But the mania for strengthening the instrumentation in various places by the addition of trombone parts is not yet quite extinct, although by this means one of the finest of Mozart's orchestral effects—viz., the introduction of trombones for the first time at the entry of the *Commendatore* in the supper scene—is entirely lost; and singers do not hesitate to make alterations of notes, which, however trivial, show a want of proper respect towards the composer.

But there are other kinds of adaptations, about which we would fain say a word or two. The airs of "Don Giovanni" have been arranged for flute, for guitar; they have found their way into children's instruction books; they are vulgarized in countless drawing-room fantasias; they form the material out of which the virtuoso constructs pieces whose difficulty forms in most cases their chief charm; they have been arranged for the concertina and the harmonium. Dance music of all kinds has been made of the "Don Giovanni" opera; "Batti, batti" has been turned into a hymn-tune; "Notti e giorno faticar" and "Fin ch'an dal vino" have been travestied as a "Docti sacrif" and a "Lauda Sion"; and one Mass is known as a "Missa di Figaro Don Giovanni." Such is the fate of great works: they are turned and twisted into shapes innumerable. Some of these adaptations are harmless, some ridiculous, some irreverent, but all more or less inartistic.

The opera of "Don Giovanni" carries us back to a period when the harpsichord still formed part of the orchestra. The *Recitativo secco* of "Don Giovanni" was, in Mozart's time, accompanied by a cembalo, a violoncello, and a double-bass. This combination cannot be restored, and in listening to the very "secco" effect of these recitatives as rendered now at the opera-house, it should not be forgotten that Mozart's intentions are not fully realized. Another point in the score is also worthy of mention. With the exception of the short *Coro di servi* for tenors and basses, just before the entry of the Masks in the *Finale* of the first act, there is no indication whatever in Mozart's autograph score of any other passage in this *Finale* being strengthened by chorus. Yet in performance now-a-days there are many passages in which the chorus takes part. When *Zerlina* cries out "Gente, ajuto, ajuto, gente," the librettist has indicated that the musicians and the others should go off in confusion (*I suonatori e gli altri partono confusi*). It has been argued that this stage-direction is somewhat strange, for at the cry for help it would seem natural that the peasant men should run to the assistance of *Zerlina*, while mere curiosity would keep the peasant women on the spot. The musical argument in favor of the disappearance is, however, very strong. Had Mozart intended the chorus to remain on the stage, he would have written special parts for them, and not merely given them the solo parts to double. So says Julius Rietz, in the preface to the edition of Mozart's operas published by Breitkopf and Härtel. The four *Finales* in "Figaro" and "Cosi fan tutte" show that the composer did not always employ the chorus in such places.

Another point of interest which has been hotly discussed is the ball-room scene in the first act. To arrange the stage so that the *minuetto*, the *folia*, and the *alemana* may be distinct to eye and ear is not easy. The clever proposal of A. von Wolzogen, in his pamphlet "Don Juan. Auf Grundlage der neuen Textübersetzung von B. v. Gugler neu scenirt und mit Erläuterungen versehen," published by Leuchart at Breslau, in reference to this matter, may perhaps interest the reader. He says:

"The ball-scene can only be played in one room, large and deep (this is in answer to a proposal to divide the stage into three rooms), in which is placed only one orchestra, the one belonging to the palace, playing the *Minuet*. As soon as the music has commenced, *Don Juan* opens a side door, letting in a troupe of ordinary musicians, who tune up for the *Contretanz*, and afterwards another door, letting in a second troupe, who strike up with the *Waltz*. All this takes place in one room, but in different corners, as *Don Juan* had clearly ordered in the so-called *Champagne song* (*senza alcun ordine le danze*

*sia*). *Don Juan* has his plot with *Zerlina*, and plans everything to bewilder his guests. The giddy maze of the three dances is of service for this. Besides, we so imagine the scene that the dancers of the two ambulant bands do not come in with the players, for that would cause too much stage confusion; the former are in the room, looking at the *Minuet* dancers, and, as soon as they hear the new orchestra tuning, go up to it in order to commence their favorite dance."

Many other interesting stories might be told about the opera, many other profitable remarks made about the score; but to give more would extend this article to an undue length, and the reader might weary of it, or pass it by altogether.

A few words in conclusion about Da Ponte, who wrote the libretto for Mozart. The names of two operas have been given which threw for the time "Don Giovanni" into the shade at Vienna. Da Ponte wrote the *libretti* of all three operas at one and the same time, and in his autobiography he relates how he told the Emperor Joseph II. that "he could write for Mozart at night and imagine himself reading Dante's 'Inferno'; for Martini in the morning, and be reminded of Petrarch; and in the evening for Salieri, who should be his Tasso." He went to America in 1805, where, after a chequered career, he died of old age on August 17, 1838. The actual place of his burial, like that of Mozart, is unknown. Da Ponte was present at the first performance of "Don Giovanni" in America, given by the Garcia troupe in 1825. Da Ponte's libretto may not be all that could be desired, but it enabled Mozart to produce a masterpiece. The author was fully conscious of the share of praise due to him. In a letter written years before his death, he speaks of himself as "the inspiration of Salieri, of Weigl, of Martini, of Winter, and of Mozart."—*London Musical Times*.

#### THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

MONG national lyrics in America the song of John Brown's body as it lies moldering in the grave has attained a place quite as high in the hearts of the American people as the famous New England tune of "Yankee Doodle." R. H. Dana, Jr., in a letter to James T. Fields, once wrote as follows: "It would have been past belief that this almost indistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four millions of slaves and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadence men should march to battle by the tens of thousands."

For many years various conflicting statements have been made as regards the origin and authorship of the John Brown song. It was said of the song at a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, some years since, that "the air was as universally sung as any other in and out of the army during the war; but its origin or authorship has never been satisfactorily traced." Many of the stories of the origin of this famous song are curiously told. As early as 1856, a Mr. William Steffe, a somewhat popular song and Sunday-school hymn writer, was requested by a fire company at Charleston, S. C., to write an air for a series of verses, the chorus of which ran:

Say, bummers, will you meet us?

The effort resulted, claim the friends of Mr. Steffe, in the production of a tune now commonly called "John Brown's Body." The air possessed a spirited and pleasant measure, and at once attracted the attention of revivalists and persons interested in camp meetings. An entirely new set of words were written as a camp meeting hymn, the tune being retained and ending in a chorus, as follows:

Say, brothers, will you meet us?

The friends of Mr. Steffe, who claim that he still resides in Philadelphia, say that he has the original score of the tune in his possession.

This particular story of the origin of the John Brown song continues with the statement that in the Second Battalion Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers, there was a singing quartette whose favorite song was "Say, brothers, will you meet us?" One of the members of the quartette was named John Brown, and he was chaffed a good deal on account of it. The other members of the quartette were Newton Purnette, James Jenkins and Charles Edgerly. The battalion was ordered to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, in April, 1861, and, as the story goes, one day towards the end of April Edgerly and Purnette, who had been to Boston, returned in the evening boat. Jenkins and Brown were sitting near the guard-house, watching the boat come in, and, as Jenkins caught sight of Edgerly, he called,

"What news from the city?" Edgerly, upon seeing Brown, who was standing near, replied, "Oh, nothing special, except John Brown's dead." Brown began to fume and fret, which occasioned Purnette remarking, "He's a pretty lively corpse, anyway, and moves around considerably." By nightfall the hazing had crystallized into the lines:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.

The camp-meeting tune was fitted to these words, and by daylight on the following morning the John Brown song was heard all over the camp, and from thence all over the country.

This is the story which has been told us, and we dislike to destroy the effect of so fine a narrative. The story shows that the John Brown song originated in 1861. John Brown was executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859, and was buried some days later at North Elba, New York. Miss Edna A. Proctor composed the "John Brown Song," which was set to music and made public. The original version of the song was as follows:

#### THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

BY EDNA A. PROCTOR.

John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave;  
Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave;  
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave;  
Freedom reigns to-day!  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah.  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah.  
Glory reigns to-day!

—American Art Journal.

#### HOW "DIXIE" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

T was on a Saturday night in 1859, writes Prof. Kane to the *Baltimore American*, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels in New York, that Dan Bryant came to Emmett and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a walk-around? I want something new and lively for Monday night." At that date all minstrel shows used to wind up with a walk-around. The demand for them was constant, and Emmett was the composer of all of them for Bryant's Minstrels. Emmett of course went to work, but he had done so much in that line that nothing at first presented itself that he liked. At last he hit upon the first two bars, and any composer can tell how good a start that is in the manufacture of a tune. By Sunday afternoon he had the words, commencing "I wish I was in Dixie."

This colloquial expression is not, as most people suppose, a Southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus men of the North. In early fall, when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the genial warmth of the section they were heading for, and the common expression would be: "Well, I wish I was in Dixie." This gave the catch-line; the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning the song was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house came to hear the refrain, and half of the auditors went home singing "Dixie." The song became the rage, and Newcomb's, the Buckleys' and other minstrel parties gave Emmett \$5 for the privilege of using it. Mr. Werlein, of New Orleans, wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright, but, without waiting for an answer, published it, with words by a Mr. Peters. Pond, of New York, secured it from Emmett, and gave him \$600, but Werlein sold thousands of copies without giving Dan a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profits of his song, but the authorship of it was disputed. Will S. Hays, of Louisville, claimed it as his own. He told the writer of these lines that he wrote it at the breaking out of the war, but he was talking to the wrong man that day, and I told him so. Pond brought the matter before a music publishers' convention and settled the question of authorship, but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice. Emmett got into trouble about his song during the war. It was considered a rebel song, and a sapient editor in Maine declared that Dan was a secessionist, and that he should be treated as one, although the song was written two years before the commencement of the rebellion.

In his volume of personal reminiscences, Mr. Louis Engel, the musical critic of the *World*, London, tells a new story about Mozart's first beard, and the pious domestic comedy it caused: "Of course his mother wrote about it to his father, and the father replied in the most serious way possible: 'I wish to be informed whether Wolfgang's beard is cut off with small scissors, singed or shaved?' And the mother, in despair replied: 'We have tried our best with the scissors, but I am seriously afraid we shall have to resort to the barber.' To which the father retorts: 'Leave all to the Lord. I wish to be sure of one thing only. Does he attend to his confession? In nothing can we succeed unless we have the blessing of heaven; and if I did not think that he attended punctually to his confession, I should be very unhappy indeed!'"

## ALLEGRO—PENSERO SO.

**G**O man alone belong the giant struggles, the great battle-fields, the large assemblies, the lofty mountains on whose sun-kissed summits, the Platos, Homers, Horaces, Shakspeares and Corneilles breathe freely by the side of the Cæsars, Charlemagnes and Napoleons; but in the realm of feeling a woman reigns sole queen.

God has thus made two shares, and as He alone could do it, two equal shares, for man and woman. To the one he gave the genius to plan because he had also given him the strength to accomplish, and to the other he gave feeling, because he had given her the heart, the unfailing spring of love, tenderness and charity. Hence we respect our father more, we love our mother more tenderly.

Some one has written: "Great thoughts come from the heart," and everybody, repeats it, because nobody stops to give any thought to this proverb, which, like most adages, is quite false. Great thoughts come from genius and good thoughts from the heart. Alexander, weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer, Cæsar and Napoleon, sacrificing millions of lives to their personal ambition, have evidently been often inspired by great thoughts, but thoughts that surely did not come from the heart.

Man works without ceasing, to advance the sciences, defends or extends national frontiers, elaborates or overthrows constitutions, makes the forces of nature his obedient slaves, ever looking outside of himself. But what would he be, did not the gentle influence of woman preside at the fireside? Man may make citizens, but woman makes men. It is she who warms into life and cultivates in the young souls which Heaven has confided to her care, the God-given germs of the love of the right and the admiration of the beautiful. Unlike man, her gaze is one of introspection, and her mind, occupied almost exclusively with the study of her heart and its feelings, seems not only more precocious than man's but more lucid and fruitful. She is better than he, for better than he she knows how to love. And that is why her glance is more mild, her gestures more graceful and her voice more melodious.

Fritzchen and Gretchen have left their paternal roof to begin among strangers the experiences and trials of the life of the poor. On starting, Fritzchen had

taken the little bundle which held their poor clothing and his flageolet, while Gretchen, hardly able to tear herself from her mother's arms, followed him, wiping her eyes. At the end of the orchard, just as they reached the highway, Fritzchen, had plucked from the first tree he happened upon a twig which he had jauntily stuck in his hat-band, but Gretchen had turned back into the orchard to pluck a few wild flowers, to which she talked as she went along in Fritzchen's wake, and to which she must have said

some very affectionate things, for she often kissed them and wept as she kissed them. They have now reached the top of the hill from which they are about to gaze, for the last time, perhaps, upon the cot where they were born. It is she who stops and turns to give a last fond look to the humble shelter of their infant years. She weeps no more, but she stands pensive for a long time, then sits down upon a large stump, and, still grasping her already withering blossoms, she is absorbed in her own thoughts—looks within herself. Fritzchen, rather glad of a chance to rest, for the hill was long and steep, has put down his bundle, stick, etc., and, taking his flageolet, plays his liveliest tunes,

## EXTRAORDINARY OPERATIC ACTIVITY IN PARIS

**H**E forthcoming series of operas and operatic works in Paris is something marvelous. Whatever is the cause of so much virtuosity, it is something out of all usual reckoning and must be due to some extraordinary influence of the stars or some peculiar climatic conditions here on the earth that fosters tunefulness and arouses musical invention. To look at the list of operas and operettas which are either completed or still in hand is to take your breath away. At this rate Paris will soon outdo the rest of the world in musical prowess, and if not all of these works are first-rate, surely some will outlive the day and leave a name behind them. Here they are:

Massenet composing "Medusa;" Ernest Guiraud has on hand "The Fire" and M. Bruneau "Vercingetorix;" M. Salvayre is finishing "Richard III." and M. Joncieres "King Lear;" Charles Lefebvre is at work on "The White Veil" and "Lucrezia," therefore two to one composer, while Edouard Lalo is prolific with "Fiesco" and "The King of Ys;" Wekerlin completes the "Fairies" and Louis Lacombe "The Queen of the Waters" as well as "Winkelried;" Hector Salomon works hard at "Hoffmann's Tales" and "Bianca Capello;" the famous composer Saint-Saëns has, it is said, nearly completed "Benvenuto Cellini" and M. Danhauser "Moors and Castilians;" B. Godard is busy with the "Guelphs" and Cesar Frank with "The Valet of France," a curious title; Paul Puget is occupied with two, "The Signal" and the "Marokkaner;" M. Delahaye composes "The Pearl of Gibraltar" and Duprato "Gazouillette," while M. Boulanger has nearly ready "Mons. de Beleza;" M. de Boisdeffre is completing "The Gnome" and M. Ph. Dubois "Gustave Vasa;" M. Serpette will finish "Ruby" and M. Hignard "The Magic Fiddle;" M. Widor is ready with "Povero."

It is impossible not to be astonished at such an activity, and surely the modern French school cannot be accused of want of productive power. Now, let us see how many of these will "grow, flourish, and endure."—*A.m. Musician.*

## CHURCH TOWERS.

The towers of Cologne Cathedral are the highest in the world, 524 feet 11 inches from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 feet 1 inch from the

floor of the church; tower of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, 483 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 10 inches; cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches.



ALLEGRO—PENSERO SO.

looking at "the old man's house." "But it's too far for them to hear, is it not sister?" Sister herself hears him not.

A. DE VERVINS.

PROF. BÖHME, one of the regular contributors to the *Neue Musik Zeitung*, of Cologne, is about to publish a "History of the Opera" in four volumes, divided as follows: 1st, The Opera in Italy, 2nd, The Opera in France, 3rd, The Opera in Germany, 4th, The Opera in England, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, Bohemia, Hungary and America.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

On Egypt's great river the sunbeams descend,  
And deep to the forest their fervor extend.  
'Tis then that we feel an unspeakable longing;  
And "North" is the password, and north we are thronging;  
And far over land and o'er ocean we fly,  
Beneath us the earth and above us the sky;  
Around us the tempests are dismaly wailing,  
But bravely and free with the clouds we are sailing.

High up among the mountain tops nestles a dale,  
Which happily now as our birthplace we hail.  
While playfully here our fledglings are growing;  
Midsummer night sunbeams are o'er us glowing;  
No hunter disturbs our valley of rest,  
Where, dancing, the fairies peep into each nest;  
Where gracefully nymphs through the forest are gliding,  
And gold-mining dwarfs in the mountains are hiding.

But afar, from the pole, comes the Boreal blast,  
And drives from our cherished abode us at last;  
Our blood becomes chilled and, our pinions expanding,  
We hasten away; to our far southern landing,  
The country of verdure and azure blue sky,  
The land of the palm tree, we steadily fly.  
There soon we will rest on the hills high and airy,  
And quietly dream of nymph, elfin and fairy.

—From the Swedish of Tegner by Frank Siller.

## MUSICAL TRUTH.

**M**usic first, music was only acknowledged to exist in a series of consonant harmonies intermingled with a few discords of suspension, says Berlioz, and when Monteverde attempted to subjoin the chord of the seventh on the dominant without preparation, blame and invective of all kinds failed not to be levelled at him. But this seventh once admitted, in spite of all, with the discords of suspension, there were not wanting those among so-called learned authorities, who held in contempt all compositions of which the harmony was simple, sweet, clear, sonorous, natural. It was absolutely requisite to please these gentry, that it should be crammed with chords of the second major and minor; with sevenths, ninths, fourths and fifths employed without reason or intention, unless that of being as frequently as possible harsh to the ear. These musicians took a fancy for dissonant chords, as certain animals have a predilection for salt, prickly plants and thorny shrubs. It was the exaggeration of reaction.

Melody was not to be found among these fine combinations; when it appeared it was cried down as the ruin of art, the neglect of time-honored rules, etc., etc., all was apparently lost. Nevertheless, melody maintained its ground; a reaction of melody in its turn was not long in appearing. There were fanatical melodists to whom every piece of music in more than three parts was insupportable. Some of them asserted that, in the majority of cases, the subject should be accompanied by a bass only, leaving to the hearer the delight of imagining the complementary notes of the chord. Others went still further, desiring to have no accompaniment at all, affirming that harmony was but a barbarous invention.

Then came the turn of modulations. At the period when the habit was to modulate only in relative keys, the first who ventured to pass into a foreign key was treated with contumely. As might have been expected, whatever the effect of this new modulation, masters severely objected to it. The innovator vainly pleaded: "Listen to it; observe how agreeably it is brought in, how well worked, how adroitly linked with that which precedes and succeeds, and how deliciously it sounds!" "That's not the question!" was the reply. "This modulation is prohibited; therefore it must not be made." But as, on the contrary, that is the precise question throughout, irrelative modulations did not fail soon to appear in grand music, aiding in producing effects no less felicitous than unexpected. Almost immediately arose a new order of pedantry, when people thought themselves degraded by modulating into the dominant, and who frolicked sweetly in the smallest rondo from the key of C natural to F sharp major. Time, little by little, has re-arranged each thing in its place. A too rigid adherence to custom has been distinguished from the reactions of vanity, folly and obstinacy; and it is pretty generally agreed to allow, at present, in all that regards harmony, melody and modulation, that whatever produces a good effect is good, so that whatever produces a bad one is bad; and the authority of a hundred old men—even if they were each a hundred and twenty years of age, can not make ugly that which is beautiful, nor beautiful that which is ugly.



OUR MUSIC.

"POLONAISE IN A FLAT," op. 53, (*Reiter Polonoise*) ..... *Chopin*.

This is not, of course, a composition for beginners, who can pass it by for the present and return to it when they shall have mastered all the technical difficulties of the piano. As a concert polonaise this is, in our opinion, the greatest Chopin has written, and one of the best examples of what has been happily termed the "chivalrous" in music. It was Liszt who wrote: "While listening to some of the polonaises of Chopin, we can almost hear the firm, nay, the heavy, resolute tread of men bravely facing all the bitter injustice which the most cruel and relentless destiny can offer, with the manly pride of unblenching courage. The progress of the music suggests to our imagination such magnificent groups as were designed by Paul Veronese, robed in the costume of the days long past — —." Of course, each one will make his own mental picture of the details of the emotional contents of this composition, but in one thing all will agree—it's general tone is noble, heroic. It is hardly necessary to say anything of the excellence of our edition. Work has been done on it that will save intelligent players days of labor.

"ECHOES OF THE WOODS" ..... *Paul*.

This graceful *morceau de salon* will suit pianists who have done about one year's faithful work as students.

"FILLE DU RÉGIMENT" (Fantasia) ..... *Sidus*.

A number of our readers have been clamoring for more of "the excellent duets" we used to give. We here comply with their request, and feel sure they will be highly pleased with this—one of Sidus' best. We shall have duets in each number for some months to come.

"BONNIE MARY OF ARGYLE" ..... *Nelson*.

There is a peculiar charm, a sort of fragrance of the heather of their native land—we say native land intentionally, for the best songs are born rather than made—about the melodies of "Auld Scotland," and this is one of the best of the more modern. Some improvements in the accompaniment have been introduced.

"GAY AND FESTIVE POLKA" ..... *Melnotte*.

This composition presents no technical difficulties, and will be welcomed by those who like easier music.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"POLONAISE IN A FLAT"	op. 53	<i>Chopin</i>	1.00
"ECHOES OF THE WOODS"	.....	<i>Paul</i>	.60
"FILLE DU RÉGIMENT"	(Fantasia—Duet)	<i>Sidus</i>	.60
"BONNIE MARY OF ARGYLE"	.....	<i>Nelson</i>	.35
"GAY AND FESTIVE POLKA"	.....	<i>Melnotte</i>	.35

Total ..... \$2.90

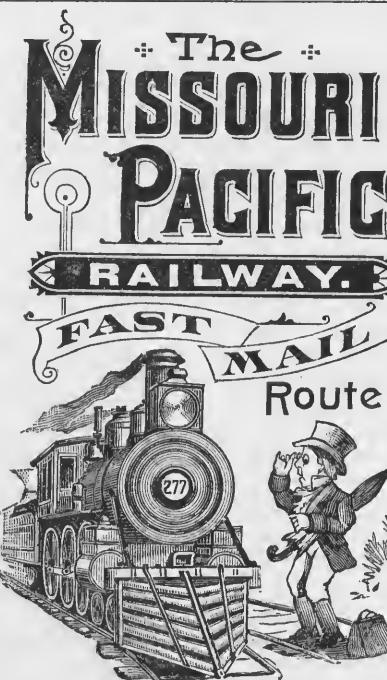
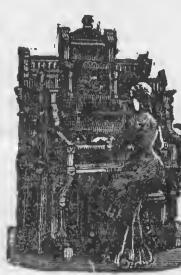
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# POLONAISE.

**F. Chopin, Op.53.**

A page of musical notation for piano, featuring five staves of music. The notation includes various dynamics such as *f*, *ff*, and *pianissimo*, and performance instructions like *sempre marcato.* and *più f*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers above or below the notes. The music consists of two systems of measures, separated by a repeat sign with a '2' superscript. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign with an '8' superscript. Measures are numbered at the beginning of each staff. The piano keys are labeled with numbers 1 through 5 to indicate fingerings. The notation uses standard musical symbols like quarter and eighth notes, along with rests and various slurs. The overall style is complex and technical, typical of a virtuoso piano piece.



*sostenuto.*  
*a tempo.*  
*f pesante.*

45      *tr*  
 4535      *tr*      *cres.*  
 8  
 21      *tr*  
 3423      *tr*  
 574      *tr*  
*più f*

*rapido.*

*ff* *ff* *sotto voce.*

*ff* *pp*

*ff* *sempre staccato*

*poco a poco cres.*

*f* *molto cres.*

*ff* *ff*

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and uses a treble clef for the top staff and a bass clef for the bottom staff. The notation includes various dynamic markings such as *f*, *p*, *pin*, *sostenuto*, *poco cresc.*, *hr*, and *cres.*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '3' or '5 4'. The music includes instruction lines like 'Red.' and '\*' placed under specific notes. The style is characteristic of a technical study or a piece by a virtuoso pianist.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and uses a key signature of two flats. The notation includes various dynamic markings such as *p*, *pff.*, *sfz.*, *dim.*, *cres.*, and *smorzando*. Performance instructions like "Red." and "\*" are placed under specific notes or measures. Fingerings are indicated above the keys in some staves. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

A page of musical notation for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music is in common time and includes various dynamics such as ff, f, and s. The notation is highly technical, with many notes and rests, and includes markings like "Red." and "\*" indicating specific performance techniques or fingerings. The page is numbered 8 at the top right.

# ECHOES FROM THE WOODS.

JEAN PAUL.

*Allegretto. M. M. = 92.*

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation, likely for a string quartet or similar ensemble. The first staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time (indicated by 'M. M.') and has a tempo of 92 beats per minute ('= 92'). The notation includes various note heads with '1', '2', '3', '4', and 'x' markings, suggesting specific fingerings or techniques. Measures are separated by vertical bar lines, and there are several measures of rests indicated by horizontal dashes.

A page of sheet music for two staves, Treble and Bass. The music consists of six measures. Measure 1 starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. Measures 2-4 show a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes with dynamic markings like 'f' and 'p'. Measure 5 begins with a dotted half note and ends with a forte dynamic. Measure 6 concludes with a half note.

Sheet music for piano, featuring six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various dynamics such as *p* (piano), *v.p.* (very piano), and *f* (forte). Fingerings are indicated by numbers above or below the notes, and there are several grace note patterns. A section of sixteenth-note chords is labeled "Scherzando." The music consists of six staves, each with a treble clef and a bass clef, separated by brace lines.

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

Scherzando.

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

8<sup>a</sup>

Sheet music for piano, page 6, measures 8a-12. The music is in common time and consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 8a starts with a dynamic of  $\frac{3}{4}$  and a tempo of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Measures 8b and 8c continue this pattern. Measure 9 begins with a dynamic of  $\frac{3}{4}$  and a tempo of  $\frac{1}{2}$ , featuring eighth-note chords. Measures 10 and 11 follow a similar pattern. Measure 12 concludes with a dynamic of  $\frac{3}{4}$  and a tempo of  $\frac{1}{2}$ , with the right hand playing eighth-note chords and the left hand providing harmonic support.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, divided into four horizontal staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, while the others use a bass clef. The music consists of a series of measures, each starting with a dynamic instruction such as '8a', '1a', '2a', or '3a'. Each measure contains multiple notes and rests, with specific fingerings indicated above the notes. The music includes various performance techniques like 'Ped.' (pedal), asterisks (\*), and circled numbers (e.g., '1', '2', '3'). The notation is dense and requires careful reading for accurate performance.

# LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

(*Donizetti.*)

Carl Sidus Op 100.

*Allegretto.* ♩ - 160.

Secondo.

Carl Sidus Op 100.

# LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

(Donizetti.)

Carl Sidus Op.100.

Primo.

Allegretto ♩ - 160.

The sheet music contains four staves of musical notation for piano. The first three staves are in common time (♩), while the fourth staff is in 2/4 time (♩). The music consists of continuous sixteenth-note patterns. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Dynamic markings include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *cres.* (crescendo). The fourth staff begins with a dynamic marking *Moderato* and a tempo of *♩ - 126.*

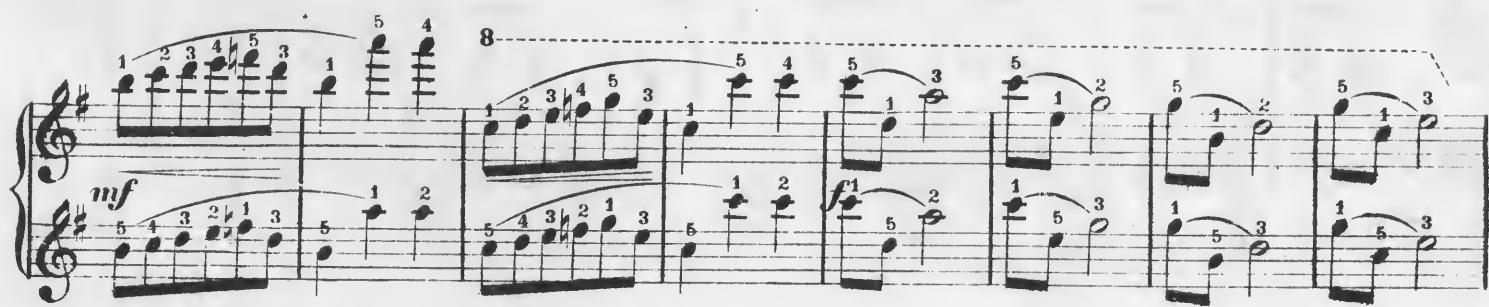
Secondo.

The musical score consists of five staves of piano music:

- Staff 1 (Treble):** Dynamics include *f*,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{1}$ ,  $\frac{3}{1}$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ .
- Staff 2 (Bass):** Dynamics include  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ .
- Staff 3 (Treble):** Dynamics include *cres.*,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}2$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}21$ ,  $\frac{3}{2}$ .
- Staff 4 (Bass):** Dynamics include *cen.*, *do*, *piu cres.*, *rit.*
- Staff 5 (Treble):** Dynamics include *a tempo*,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{4}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ .
- Staff 6 (Bass):** Dynamics include *mf*,  $\frac{5}{4}21$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ .
- Staff 7 (Treble):** Dynamics include  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $f$ ,  $p$ ,  $\frac{4}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ .
- Staff 8 (Bass):** Dynamics include  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{2}1$ ,  $\frac{5}{3}1$ .

Performance instructions include *cres.*, *cen.*, *do*, *piu cres.*, *rit.*, *a tempo*, *mf*, *f*, *p*, and *rit.*

Primo.



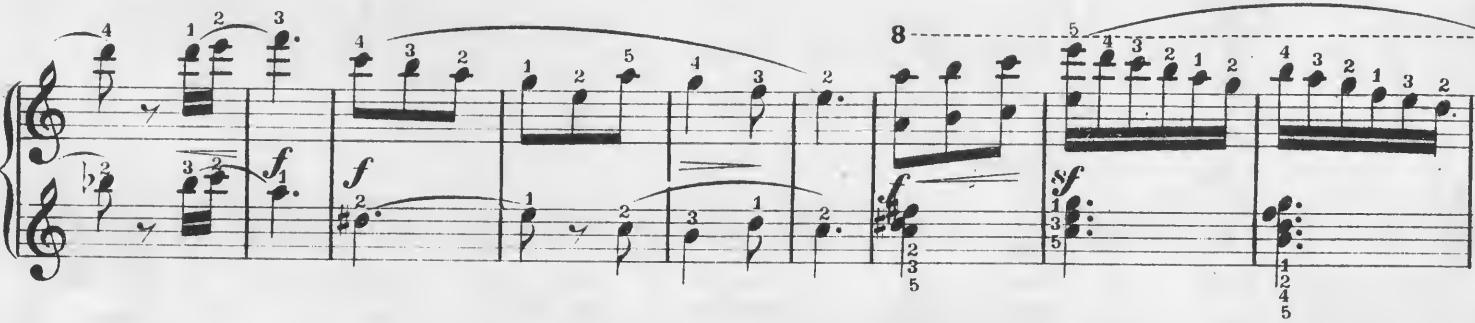
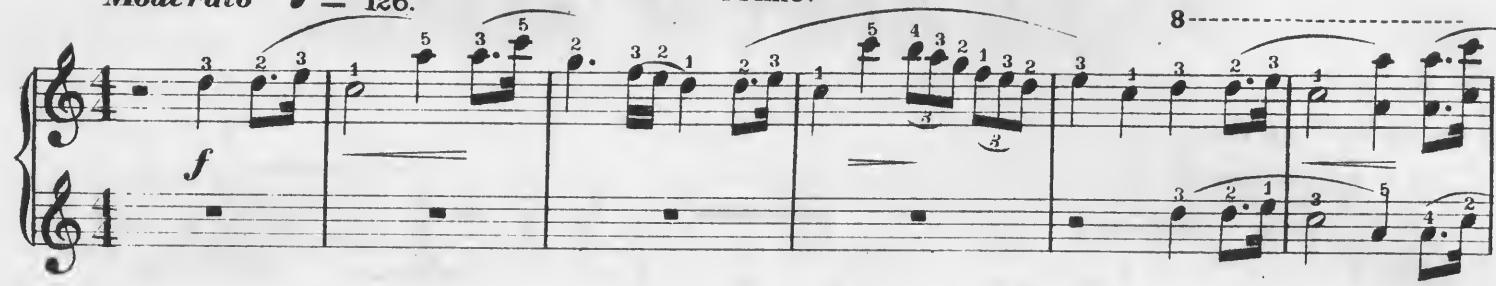
*Moderato* ♩ - 126.

**Secondo.**

*Vivace* ♩ - 100.

*Moderato* ♩ - 126.

*Primo.*



# BONNIE MARY OF ARGYLE.

Words by C. Jefferys.

S. Nelson.

*Andantino. ♩ = 72*

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom is in bass clef. The tempo is marked as Andantino with a tempo of 72. The music features various chords and arpeggiated patterns, with fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) indicated above the notes.

1. I have heard the ma-vis singing His  
2. Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness, And thine

The vocal part begins with a rest followed by a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. Fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) are shown above the vocal line.

1. love song to the morn; I have seen the dew-drop clinging To the  
2. eye its brightness too; Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness, And thy

The vocal part continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. Fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) are shown above the vocal line.

1. rose just new - ly born: But a sweet-er song has cheer'd me, At the  
2. hair its sun - ny hue: Still to me wilt thou be dear - er Than

The vocal part continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. Fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) are shown above the vocal line.

1. eve - ning's gen - tle close; And I've seen an eye still brighter Than the  
 2. all the world shall own; I have lov'd thee for thy beau - ty, But

1. dew drop on the rose: 'Twas thy voice, my gen - tle Ma - ry, And thine  
 2. not for that a - lone: I have sought thy heart, dear Ma - ry, And its

1. art - less win - ning smile, That made this world an E - - - den, Bonnie  
 2. goodness was the wile That has made thee mine for ev - - - er, Bonnie

1. Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.  
 2. Ma - ry of Ar - gyle.

# GAY AND FESTIVE.

POLKA

Claude Melnotte.

*Tempo di Polka* ♩ — 112.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation for piano, arranged in two systems of two parts each. The top system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of three flats, and common time. It features sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and eighth-note chords in the left hand. The bottom system starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time. It also features sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and eighth-note chords in the left hand. The music includes dynamic markings such as *f* (fortissimo) and *Ped* (pedal). Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and a tempo marking of 112 is provided. The piece concludes with a final dynamic marking of *8.*

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, divided into four horizontal staves. The top three staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature changes throughout the piece, with sections in B-flat major, A major, and G major. The music includes dynamic markings like 'dolce.' and 'Ped.', and fingerings such as '1', '2', '3', '4', and '5'. The notation consists of standard musical notes and rests on five-line staves.

Scherzando.  
Second time the treble an octave

higher.

8..

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8..

## MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

We have published nothing under the above head for several issues, simply because there was nothing worth chronicling in the way of local musical activity. The brass bands of the summer gardens were in full blast, two or three "snap" companies attempted light opera. They have passed away and "De mortuis nil," since we cannot say "bonum."

Gilmore's work at the Exposition Music Hall deserves mention. He had his full band this time and the performances have, of course, gained in volume. Gilmore deserves credit not only as a shrewd business man and a good band-master, but also (what many would deny him) as a musical educator. Take his stay in St. Louis, and at a low estimate ten thousand people have daily listened to his music—three-fourths of whom could not have been prevailed upon for love or money to attend a symphony concert. Gilmore has given symphonies, overtures, and other high class works astonishingly well, considering that a reed band is not an orchestra, but he has so sandwiched these among other, lighter works, as to make them acceptable to the masses, while he has selected these lighter works in such a way as to disarm the criticism of musicians who are not worshippers of classical names merely. We heard Mr. Gilmore say that Mrs. Gilmore arranged not a few of his programmes, so that Mrs. Gilmore is entitled to her share of whatever commendation is implied in the foregoing.

Messrs. Kunkel and Kroeger were evidently of the same mind as we, for they gave a piano recital (in which they were kindly assisted, for the songs, by Miss Cowen, Miss Freda Stone and Mr. Hein) in honor of Mr. Gilmore and his band on the morning of Oct. 19, in the grand parlors of the Lindell Hotel. Not only were the parlors filled but, notwithstanding the early hour (11 A. M.), the hall just outside was occupied by several hundreds of listeners, among whom were not a few of the *élite* of St. Louis Society. Two excellent Chickering grands had been furnished by the Jesse French Piano and Organ Co. The following program was then rendered:

1.—Duo for two Pianos—*L'Étoile du Nord, Meyerbeer—Kullak—Weile.* 2.—Song (Serenade) "The Sunbeams are Sleeping," (Words by Miss Minnie Gilmore), op. 19, No. 1, Kroeger, Mr. Otto Hein. 3.—Duo for two Pianos—Midsummer Night's Dream—Musical—Nocturne, Fairy Dances and Wedding March, Mendelssohn—Kettler—Kunkel. 4.—Song (Serenade) "To my Loved One," (Words by Miss Minnie Gilmore), op. 19, No. 2, Kroeger, Miss Agnes Cowen. 5.—Piano Solo—a. Humoreske in E Minor, op. 9, No. 1. b. Humoreske (Lullaby) in E Major, op. 9, No. 3. c. Elfenreigen (Character Etude), op. 17, Kroeger, Charles Kunkel. 6.—Rondo for two Pianos—in C, op. 73, Chopin. 7.—Song (Serenade) "Thou art all to me," (Words by Miss Minnie Gilmore), op. 19, No. 3, Kroeger, Miss Freda Stone. 8.—Grand Duo pour deux Pianos—Sur la Vision et le Choral des Huguenots, de Meyerbeer, Liszt—Picard—Kunkel—Kroeger.

The three serenades, whose very poetical words are the work of Mr. Gilmore's talented daughter, were given most acceptable interpretation by the singers. Of the duo playing, Mr. Gilmore said enthusiastically that it surpassed anything he had ever heard in that line, especially in the absolute unity of the performance. Mrs. and Mr. Gilmore had a little surprise of their own in the shape of an elegant lunch for the performers and a few others whom they insisted upon making their guests immediately after the recital.

The Musical Union is busy with its preparations, and the Choral Society has in rehearsal Dvorak's "Spectre's Bride."

## HOW THE "MARSEILLAISE" SAVED A PIANIST'S NECK.

DURING the "Reign of Terror" the Marchioness de Montgeroult, who is said to have been a remarkable piano *virtuosa*, was thrown into the prison of the Conciergerie as a suspect. Suspicion was much the same thing as conviction and conviction meant death. Théophile Gautier relating how she escaped the guillotine says:

The members of the Committee of Public Safety (those fellows surely did not love music) imitating the murder of Orpheus by the Bacchantes, would have unscrupulously chopped off the head of Madame de Montgeroult. Fortunately for the celebrated artist, her friend Sarette, then Director of the Conservatoire, at that time called *Institut national*,

*tional de Musique*, dared, like Orpheus, to penetrate into the Tenaris where the terrible Committee sat, and ask for the release of Mme. de Montgeroult, saying that the establishment he was directing could not do without the best teacher of the piano in France.

The claim seemed puerile to the sombre proconsuls; there was a pause. Two or three members of the Committee, tired out, were dozing; quills were scratching over paper; vague odors of sawdust and burnt sealing wax—the natural smell, it seems, of offices—filled the bleak room. A large clock gave forth its monotonous tick-tack and the plaster bust of the Republic, placed above the head of the Chairman, fixed its sightless orbs upon poor Sarette.

At last, the Chairman, awaking from a brown study, shook a small bell and a deputy sheriff [*huissier*] entered. The Chairman, aloud, ordered Madame de Montgeroult to be brought before the bar, and completed the order in a few whispered words. Sarette trembled. By calling the attention of the Committee of Public Safety to his poor friend, he was perhaps about to send her to her Sarette.

Soon a considerable bustle was heard in the lobby of the court room; chairs fell; animated voices were heard; the door opened wide, and there entered, borne by two patriots, a long box, which the troubled gaze of Mme. de Montgeroult's friend mistook, at first, for a coffin; but the sight of four grooved legs and of two loosened pedals swinging aimlessly beneath the box in question made the sorrow-stricken Sarette understand that the supposed coffin was only a piano. Behind the instrument, between two *gendarmes*, Madame de Montgeroult, made pale by several days of captivity and anguish, appeared.

"Citizeness," said the Chairman, "we are told that the National Institute of Music, cannot do without thee and thy talent, and we have decided to judge of that ourselves. Sit down and play 'La Marseillaise' for us!"

That was no time to wait to be coaxed. Bewildered and trembling, Mme. de Montgeroult dropped into a chair before the piano and began the easy enough task of playing Rouget de l'Isle's hymn.

Oh, you, young ladies of the *Conservatoire*, who, when competing for prizes, tremble in executing a concerto before your peaceful and inoffensive jury, what must have been the feeling of this artist when the prize to be won was—life!

After having played the air demanded through, the artist took it up again, introducing a few timid variations intended to show off her matchless technique; then, making use of her great talent for improvising, she carried the theme into the divers keys related to that in which she had begun. Then, furtively casting a glance over the terrible Committee, she saw that the Chairman smiled. The pens had ceased to scratch over the paper; everybody was awake; two of the members of the Committee gently nodded in time with the music; a little murmur that was about to become a humming was hovering over the tribunal. Madame de Montgeroult redoubled her efforts. Brought back to the initial key by a formidable *crescendo*, which seemed about to tear the vitals of the frail instrument, the sacred theme suddenly reappeared in the right hand, accompanied by broad arpeggios.

The Chairman could contain himself no longer. He arose and, imitated by his colleagues, struck up, in a voice of thunder, the national hymn. At

this unusual sound, the door opened; the sheriffs, obsequiously smiling, joined their voices to those of the Committee; beyond, the two soldiers who stood guard at the door at the foot of the stairs, noisily dropping the butt ends of their guns upon the stone flagging, joined in their favorite song, their eyes closed, their elbows resting upon the triangle of their bayonets. In the meantime, the warlike melody dropping its notes from story to story, distant voices were heard, even from the yard, repeating like an echo: "Aux armes, citoyens!"

When the general delirium had somewhat subsided, the Chairman made the following brief speech:

"Citizeness, we see that thou art a true patriot and we acquit thee of the charges brought against thee. Come and receive our fraternal embrace."

Madame de Montgeroult submitted and, having been duly embraced, she followed Sarette and crossed to return to life, that threshold over which so many others, alas! had made their exit to enter into death. Madame de Montgeroult, who, by a second marriage, had become the Countess de Charnage, died in Florence in 1836.

## APOLOGUE OF JEAN PAUL.

NE day the guardian genius of all who possess strong sensibility thus addressed Jupiter:

 "Father divine! bestow on thy poor human creatures a language more expressive than any they now possess, for they have only words signifying how they suffer, how they enjoy, and how they love."

"Have I not given them tears?" replied the deity, "tears of pleasure, of pain, and the softer ones that flow from the tender passion?"

The genius answered:

"O, God of men! tears do not sufficiently speak the overflowing of the heart; give, I supplicate thee, to man a language that can more powerfully paint the languishing and impassioned wishes of a susceptible soul—the recollections, so delightful, of infancy; the soft dreams of youth, and the hopes of another life, which mature age indulges while contemplating the last rays of the sun as they sink in the ocean; give them, father of all, a new language to the heart!"

At this moment the celestial harmonies of the spheres announced to Jupiter the approach of the Muse of Song. To her the god immediately made a sign, and thus uttered his behests:

"Descend on earth, O Muse, and teach mankind thy language!"

And the Muse of Song descended to earth, taught us her accents, and from that time the heart of man has been able to speak.

THE original of "The Last Rose of Summer" was "Lady Jeffries' Delight." In 1798 it became known as the "Groves of Blarney," being adapted by Millicent to his well-known song of that name. It remained for Tom Moore to give it its world-wide reputation as "The Last Rose of Summer." Flotow introduced it in his opera of "Martha" in 1847, and hence has been sometimes ignorantly supposed to have been its composer.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

## BOSTON.

BOSTON, October 17th, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—"Now is the winter of our discontent." At least it makes me discontented to think that the concerts are thickening up thus early in the season so that they come two or three on the same evening sometimes.

The season began with an operatic performance in Worcester, about forty-five miles from here. The Worcester festival is always the beginning of the year's music, but that I was unable to attend. Upon the heels of it, however, came the first performance of Offenbach's "Poachers," by the new troupe—The Bostonians. As a Bostonian I felt bound to help them launch their ship, and a most successful launch it was, and followed by an equally successful lunch. The troupe is a very strong one, containing the favorite Marie Stone, a fine new soprano named Juliette Corden, and such others as Barnabee, Karl, Frothingham, Macdonald, etc., etc. Then there is the impressive Agnes Huntington, great both in singing and action, S. L. Studley, a most careful director, and Oscar Weil, who is a first-rate stage manager, and a fine composer as well. With such an array of talent the troupe must conquer wherever it goes. "The Bostonians" is a lively opera of the most pliant Parisian type, Mr. Weil has washed away some of its pungency that would not suit the atmosphere of the United States, yet without making it drag in the least. The music is charming and dainty, but, of course, not deep. The finale of the second act is the finest musical point in the work. "Fatinitza" is also in the repertoire of the company, and without doubt will renew its old success, with Barnabee and Miss Huntington in the leading roles, and a whole lot of new artists that I did not hear.

When I got back to Boston I went to another operatic performance, this time in Music Hall, where a temporary stage, not much larger than a dry goods box, had been erected, for the benefit of Mr. Chas. R. Adams, Mr. Libby, Madame Fursch-Madi, and several amateurs. It was difficult for the chorus to put much bustle into the gypsy and combat scenes under such circumstances, and I feared that some of the singers might fall over the footlights if they ventured around too boldly, but no such *contre-temps* occurred, and the opera sped on with lightning rapidity, as the *prima-donna* had to catch the night express back to New York. The principals sang very well, and the performance was interesting as could be expected from this very moth-eaten opera, although it seemed very strange in English, (most of it not the English of Lindley Murray). The contralto, Mrs. Hester, I must add, belonged to the professional forces, and made a very good impression. The performance was one of the "Elite" Course of Entertainments, and that leads me to add that music is being sold at wholesale this season in Boston, there being ever so many concert courses, where the public pay for ten or twenty entertainments in a lump, at reduced rates.

One entertainment which I attended was a peculiar one. It occurs once a year, and is as cruel as a bull fight. It is called "Grand Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Contest." A shrewd manager gets all the ambitious amateurs he can to enter the lists for small prizes, and encourages them to essay the most difficult numbers possible. The audience go to have fun, and they generally get it. Music Hall was well filled with a very lively audience on the occasion, who participated in the music with the singers without charge. Many a work which was intended as a solo, became a song and chorus ad libitum. When the tortured vocalists were unable to attain a high note they were assisted by the audience, who gave it on whistles, or in falsetto tones. The singers rarely expressed gratitude to their coadjutors. When the failure became apparent in the beginning of the work, they were not able to express anything thereafter, for the applause became deafening and continuous. It was a cruel affair, but I could not altogether sympathize with the concealed amateurs who in their choice of solos exemplified the proverb "A fool will rush where angels scarce dare tread."

A much more musical affair was the first concert of the Symphony Orchestra, which presented the following programme:

OVERTURE, (Leonore, No. 2), L. v. Beethoven. ARIA, (Don Giovanni), W. A. Mozart. ALLEGRO from the Suite No. 2, (First Time), H. Eeser. SYMPHONIC POEM, (Phaeton), Cam. Saint-Saens. ARIA, (Tannhäuser), R. Wagner. SYMPHONY IN D, No. 2, Adagio molto: Allegro con brio—Larghetto—Scherzo (Allegro)—Allegro molto, L. v. Beethoven. Soloist: Mme. Fursch-Madi.

Not a very remarkable list, but we must consider that the conductor, Mr. Gericke, had but just arrived from Europe, that there had been very few rehearsals, and that he very wisely declined to take the chances on novelties under these circumstances.

I shall not sit in severe judgment upon the work. Everything was fairly satisfactory, although not as absolutely smooth as it will be a week or two hence, when the new elements (in the wood wind) shall have been well assimilated, and the rehearsals more numerous. Madame Fursch-Madi made her great success in the Tannhäuser Aria, in which her broad, declamatory style, and her purity of tone, won hearty recognition at the hands of the audience. She was recalled with great enthusiasm.

During her stay in Boston she paid a visit to the New England Conservatory of Music. After a prolonged inspection of the great building in all its details, the library, dining hall, gymnasium, pariors, recitation rooms, etc., etc., the hall was reached, where the students had re-assembled, and gave the artist a hearty welcome, presenting her with a fine bunch of roses. Madame Fursch-Madi then sang to them a couple of songs in the most charming manner. The first—"Florian's Song," by Godard, was received so rapturously that after a moment's search for a violinist, resulting in the discovery of Herr Emil Mahr, Gounod's "Ave Maria" was grandly sung, Mr. Mahr supplying the violin, and Mr. Elson the piano part.

Mme. Fursch-Madi is only one of a long list of artists who have visited the Conservatory. Mme. Nilsson, Fratlein Brandt, Miss L'Allemand, Signora Scalchi, Herr Gericke, and a host of others, have been there, and their visits have awakened enthusiasm in the pupils and given pleasure to the artists themselves. A good and fair exchange. COMES.

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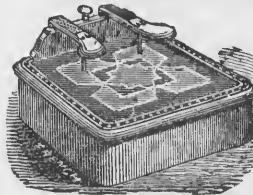
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#### ENCORES.

THE "encore" nuisance, thanks to the firmness displayed by certain prominent artists, has been greatly abated in England; but here in America it appears to be on the increase.

Nothing is more gratifying to an artist than to receive the assurance of the audience that his performance has afforded satisfaction, and for this reason the compliment of a recall is peculiarly acceptable. But it is altogether a different matter when he is called upon with undeniable persistency to repeat an exacting solo, involving perhaps much physical exertion. Moreover, he is perfectly aware, when complying with this unreasonable demand, that the audience will not display the same amount of appreciation at the conclusion of his repeated task as they have already manifested, the interest on both sides naturally abated by the lengthened demands made on their mental powers.

By such means, the artist is fatigued and disappointed; and his sensitive organization receives a shock, slight it may be, but nevertheless harmful to his artistic vitality.

A custom has arisen of substituting some other composition instead of repeating the work encores. This is a decidedly objectionable practice, and besides, implies that the artist accepts the demand for a farther display of his own personal abilities rather than as the expression of a desire to hear again the composition he has just interpreted.

Viewed commercially, it is also unjust to the artist. He receives a certain fee for specified work; and, as a reward for fulfilling his task satisfactorily, he is asked to repeat it without additional payment for so doing. This principle certainly will not apply in other cases. For instance, no wine merchant would appreciate the compliment of being asked to supply a second basket of Mumm's Extra Dry gratis, because the former consignment just consumed was so entirely to the buyer's taste. Nor would a painter, sculptor, or poet duplicate one of his productions without extra charge, simply because the originals had proved so highly acceptable to their patrons.

Of course, the suppression of the encore fiend could be easily accomplished by the artists themselves; but there are many reasons, beyond the ken of the unintiated, that render it most unlikely the majority of them will join in such a crusade.

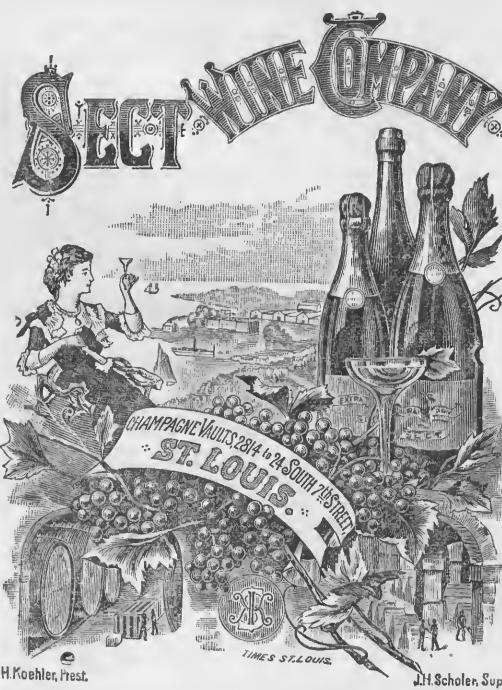
In the first place, it has become the fashion to regard certain airs in oratorios and operas, as well as detached pieces, as stereotyped encores; and a singer who fails to secure one in such instances is often regarded as a failure. Then the publisher of a song finds that its sale is greatly enhanced if it is always encores when sung in public. Frequently, too, the vanity of the performer induces him to indulge in various devices, in order to secure the encore he deems necessary to maintain his position in popular estimation. Therefore, we are frequently horrified by examples of execrable taste designed to woo the ears of the public at large, such as interpolated *cadenzas* or a sustained note of great altitude and deafening power at the close of a song.

As long as this state of affairs is accepted, so long shall we be compelled to "assist" at the havoc wrought by the repetition of portions of operas, which delays the action and renders the situation ridiculous, involving possibly the resurrection of the singer, in order to die a second time.

Young artists also entertain an altogether mistaken idea as to the value of encores, recalls, floral offerings, and other customary ceremonies attending their public appearances. When the question is asked if they made an artistic success, the reply is too frequently to the effect that they made the most extraordinary impression, were compelled to reappear and accept repeated encores, besides being the recipients of flowers in profusion. Such well-meant attentions on the part of injudicious friends do more to hopelessly wreck the young artists at the very outset of their career than can be well conceived. The same plan is adopted both in the case of the worthy and the hopelessly unworthy, and therefore such compliments have no significance; and, in the case of the former, the artistic instinct is apt to be blunted amid the distracting influences of such unmerited public demonstrations.

Encores are to be deprecated in every instance. It is far more stimulating to the musical palate to enjoy the remembrance of a single performance of a fine composition than to suffer a feeling of over-repletion consequent on its immediate repetition, which is a source of more or less mental fatigue to both executants and listeners.

A firm resistance to such demands is also conducive to the advantage of the artist, if rightly regarded.—*Musical Herald*.



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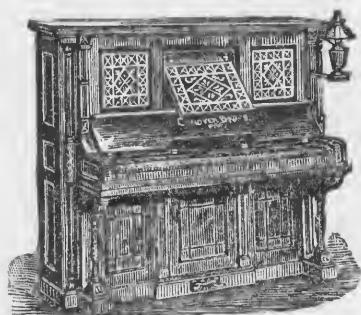
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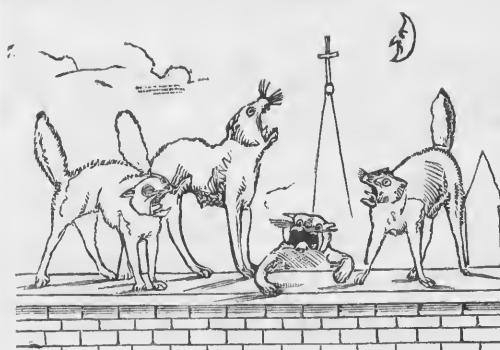
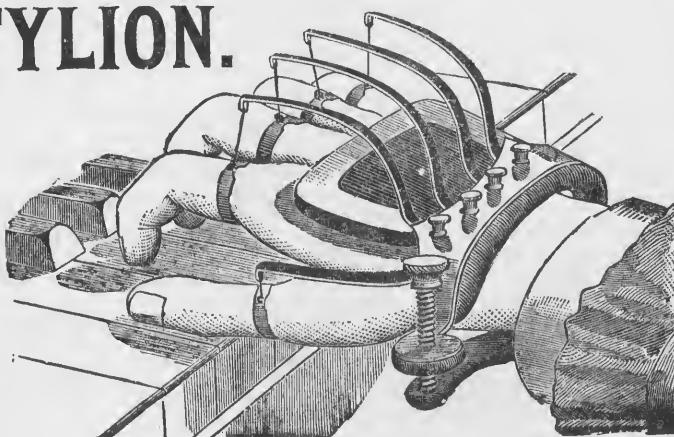
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Eternal Rome! who sat on seven hills,  
Big with vast conquests and ambitious lust,  
Sent forth her legions thick as Egypt's ills,  
To grind opposing nations to the dust.

And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,  
Nor yet a city where ye may not find  
Her legions now, as in the ancient time—  
They still go forth, their mission still to grind.

AT the Opera. A countryman is heard exclaiming to his son who is looking down from the gallery and leaning far forward. "Don't fall, Andrew; the price of seats down there is three dollars."

PEOPLE'S ideas of musical excellence vary. We wot of a hand organ man who never visits a certain street because every house therein has an active piano. To quote his own words, "Eet shocka my nerva."—Boston Transcript.

THE pitcher had a little ball, and it was white as snow and where the striker thought it was, that ball it wouldn't go. It had a sudden inshot curve, it had a fearful drop, and when the striker wildly struck, that ball it didn't stop. "Why does the ball fool strikers so?" the children all did cry. "The pitcher twirls the ball, you know," the teacher did reply.—Detroit Free Press.

WHO would think on listening to a ponderous Bach fugue that its author could ever have been guilty of a pun? Bach (which means brook) had a puppl named Krebs (crawfish). Concerning this puppl Bach used to say: "I have caught only one Krebs in my Bach." And Beethoven, when he first became familiar with Bach's works, exclaimed: "Not Bach should be his name, but Ocean."

JOHN B. CARSON, the well-known railroad magnate, was showing an English friend the beauties of St. Louis a little while ago.

"Who lives there?" asked the Englishman, pointing to a magnificent marble palace.

"Mr. Brown, the great pork packer."

"And there?" said the Englishman, pointing to another magnificent dwelling.

"Mr. Jones, the famous pork packer."

"And there?" pointing to a neat little frame house.

"Oh, that is General Sherman's house," said Mr. Carson.

"Ah," remarked the Englishman, "another evidence that the 'pen' is mightier than the sword."—New York Truth.

A LITTLE Frenchman rushed in, and impetuously said, "Ah, mon cherie M. Fergusonne, why you have no feex my wahch?"

"What is the matter with it now?" asked Robert, all urbane.

"Mahter weez 'im—mahter weez 'im?" blustered the little fellow. "Parbleu! do you not remembair dzat Hi ahm a musique teachaire?"

"Certainly, professor," answered Bob.

"Well, dzen, what for you 'ave your repairroo make my wahch run sixty minute in one hour? Shall l stahnd dzé dreadful torture of do-re-mi a full, dreadful hour weez heveray pu-pill? Dzat would be trop terriblee in dzis wedthair! Ave dze kindness to make 'im go an hour in forty-five minute!"—New York Evening Sun

"EVER hear of Chris Brown's attending church? No? Well, there was a great revival going on, the church was jammed and Chris came in drunk as a greaser at a barbecue. Staggering into a seat he was soon asleep, and remained snoring away until the minister waxing enthusiastic asked all those who wished to be saved to rise. Of course everybody was instantly upon his feet—all but Chris. He remained gloriously oblivious until the rustling and stamping of the crowd as they sat down aroused him. He rubbed his eyes open, listened, heard the request that all who were of a contrary mind should get up, managed to do so, saw there was no one standing but the minister and himself and blurted out: 'I don't exactly know what the question we are voting on is, Dominie, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority!'—St. Louis Magazine.

'AMUSING MISTAKES.—In the collection of curious answers by school children to examination questions, edited by Mark Twain, occur the following:—Musical sounds differ because some are nicer than others.—Pitch is the length of the keyboard of an organ.—An interval in music is the distance on the keyboard from one piano to the next.—A rest means you are not to sing it.—A dotted note holds on longer.—We should always breathe with the muscles of the diagram, unless we have catarrh or cold in the head.—Vigorous breathing gives you wind in the lungs.—Breathing is very good for reading, for when you are reading you can't breathe at all, so it is good to breathe a good deal before.—Vowel sounds are made by keeping the mouth wide open, and consonant sounds by keeping it shut.—Force is more loudness sometimes than others.—Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another.'

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Too long unled—unite, ye tuned voices!  
In silence waste no more,  
Nor wed all thought that sorrows or rejoices  
To songs from alien shore.  
Break forth, strong choir of sweet, impassioned singers!  
Still Nature's musicingers;  
Join, join her mystic notes, and with rapt fingers  
Our Western lyre sweep o'er.

Through morn and eves the dim savannas murmur,  
At midnight pulse the hills;  
For aye the ocean's diapason firmer  
His margent-kingdom fills.  
Brook-fall, the stir of leaves, the wild bees' Maytime,  
Rain-dance, and songbirds' playtime,  
Stir echo's light repose; through dark or daytime,  
Earth chorus never stills.

Through morn and eves, and ever strongly beating,  
In brave, exulting time,  
What myriad hearts await responsive greeting,  
O Music, from thy chime!  
For who hath caught our loves and laughter truly,  
Sung our fair daughters duly,  
Or chanted to inspiring measure newly  
Our dreams and deeds sublime?

None save that through the dusk of Southland faintly  
A mellow strain heard we,  
Sent from full hearts, and sung to the winds quaintly  
As mockingbird's reverie.  
Lo! slaves did sing by Babel's waters—robbing  
Notes of the night-thrush sobbing,  
And touch with rude strings into accordant throbbing  
With that wild melody.

O singers of a fuller day and stronger,  
Awake the magic sound!  
Rich voices rise like dayspring! Rest no longer  
In a mute ocean drowned.  
Swell one deep antiphon, from joyous madness  
To depths divine of sadness,  
And tell a listening world, in echoed gladness,  
Our country's voice is found.  
**HENRY TYRELL, in Boston Transcript.**

THE celebrated opera house at Munich, built by the late King of Bavaria, the friend and patron of Wagner, has been handed over to the municipal authorities by the Prince Regent.

MR. SILAS G. PRATT, the "Chicago Wagner," has brought suit for divorce from his wife on the ground of desertion. Mr. Pratt insisted upon playing his compositions to his better half—and she sought solitude.

THE American Musician says that Frederick Archer, the English organist, now of New York is at work on a comic opera. Archer writing a comic opera seems to us much like an elephant trying to perform the tricks of a monkey. Still, we shall see.

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT, who owns the autographic score of Mozart's "Don Juan," has loaned it to the management of the Opéra of Paris to be exhibited in the library of that institution on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the first representation of this opera of operas.

THE monument to be erected to Rossini by the Italian government in the church of Santa Croce, Florence, has been intrusted to Augusto Passaglia. It is to consist of a statue of the celebrated composer, upon whose pedestal a number of figures will symbolize his principal masterpieces, among others, "Moses," "William Tell," "Semiramis" and "The Barber."

"PROF. KARL KLINDWORTH, the Berlin instructor who has come to New York to give piano lessons, advertises the following eye-opening terms: Ten lessons at pupil's residence, \$100; twenty lessons at Steinway Hall, \$150; classes for students, each \$50. The professor evidently expects to take back to the *Vaterland* boodle galore," says our friend Quigg. If our good friend will only tell Klindworth that Mr. E. M. Bowman, President of the American College of Musicians is now in the East, Klindworth will hasten to reduce his prices.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH, pianist, composer, teacher and impresario, died in Paris, October 9th. His first ambition was to become a great tenor. In that he failed, but he was a good pianist and first made, in that field, a reputation which was afterwards enhanced by a number of graceful compositions. He married Amelia Patti in 1850, and was the first, and almost only, teacher of Adelina. From 1860 to 1880, he, usually in partnership with his brother Max, was almost entirely engaged in managing musical enterprises—principally Italian Opera.

FRAULEIN LEISINGER a Berlin singer was anxious to win laurels in Paris and was given a chance appearing as *Marguerite* in "Faust." The public and the press were agreed that she could not sing the part. Thereupon, the innocent Leisinger wrote to the German press that her failure was the result of cabal, national jealousy and what not. Of course the German editors of American music journals take it for granted that Fraulein Leisinger is a great singer and that her icy reception was due to her nationality and make the matter the ground for attacking France in general and Paris in particular. We have not yet heard from Brother Merz on the subject, but we doubtless will. But what if, as a matter of fact, Fräulein Leisinger, as the Parisians say, a poor singer and really made "an insignificant little Gretchen?"



ADAMS & SON,  
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**W**ART.—The following brilliant plan was recently adopted in the book of music for a Band of Hope Festival not a hundred miles from Leeds. The words only of Handel's chorus "O Father" are given, the assumption being that they will be sung by ear. The pauses in the music are indicated thus: "O Father, whose almighty power (*wait*) the heavens and earth, the heavens and earth, and seas adore; (*wait*) the hearts of Judah thy delight, in one defensive band unite, (*wait*) and grant a leader bold, &c." This plan, says *The Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, ought to be patented.

OLIVE Street is becoming more and more the musical thoroughfare of St. Louis. Mr. Shattinger has just removed his business from No. 10 South Broadway to 902 Olive St., just opposite Pope's Theatre, where he has a larger and better store than he had in his old location. Starting west from Broadway, where Balmer and Weber are but a few doors north of Olive, one now strikes the houses of Kunkel Brothers, Brown (late Benson), Merkel & Sons, Shattinger, Moxter, Wynne, Estey & Camp, Koerber, Peters, French Piano Co., Bollman & Sons, Bollman Bros., Kieselhorst, Neunstiel, Barreiras, Bahnsen and possibly some others. The N. Lebrun Music Co. and Balmer & Weber are about the only important music houses still on Broadway.

MR. H. J. SCHONACKER, the pianist and composer, now of Indianapolis, not satisfied with laurels gathered in the field of music, has turned *littérateur* and has published a sort of novelette entitled "Musical Crotchets." By far the best portion of the book is an independent story interjected without any apparent reason into the very centre of the main tale and entitled "El Nahual." This chapter seems to indicate that Mr. Schonacker could, if he would, refrain from a certain odd combination of garrulity and sententiousness which mars the other portions of his work, and do some really meritorious work in literature as he already has done in music, and we trust that this, his first literary venture will meet with such success that he will be encouraged to persevere, and give us the best he can produce.

THE German papers announce that the Minister of War has decreed the adoption of the French diapason for all the military bands of the empire, and that the necessary changes will have to be completed by the 1st of October at the latest. This is an excellent piece of news, for different reasons. In the first instance, it shows that in matters of art intelligent Germans are as free as ever from the animosities of political strife. Secondly, it is another and an important step towards that much to be desired consummation—an international and universal pitch, for which, as we have frequently pointed out, the *diapason normal* is the only rational and practicable basis. Thirdly, it shows that the expenses of the modification of old, and in a few cases the purchase of new instruments cannot be as great as some pessimists in this country would make us believe. The Duke of Cambridge and the authorities of Kneller Hall are requested to incline seriously to the tale and to its moral.—*Musical World* (London).

WE read the following in *Le Menestrel*: "An innovation highly interesting to the musical world is being announced for the coming season—viz., the performance, *with scenery and costumes*, of the most celebrated oratorios by ancient and modern composers. Madame Marguerite Olagnier is the originator of this project, in the carrying out of which she will be assisted by Madame Ugalde. Every Thursday, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon, are to be performed works hitherto produced only in fragments, and without the additional attractions of scenery and costumes. The orchestra and chorus will be augmented by the members of our great lyrical stages, if the permission of directors can be obtained, which, however, appears doubtful. The cycle of performances will be opened with one of Haydn's Oratorios—i. e., 'The Seasons' or 'The Creation.'"

J. A. ROBINSON, the professional stenographer and amateur barytone had a birthday a few days since and as the world uses him so well he concluded the occasion was a festive one and one that should be properly celebrated. Thus it came to pass that Messrs. Schulze, Stoekigt, Lefebvre and Lax, of Gilmore's band, Messrs. Kunkel, Kroeger, Kieselhorst, Wiseman, Sisson and a few more of St. Louis' musicians as well as several representatives of the press met together at his rooms to help him be glad. A feast of music was provided by the musicians and a flow of lemonade and other juices by the victim, while the literary gentlemen, foremost among whom was Mr. O'Neill, the managing editor of the *Missouri Republican*, furnished the "gas" as effervescence in the form of pointed and appropriate remarks from time to time, to which the host invariably replied by insisting it was his treat. The company left for their respective homes early—before sunrise, wishing Mr. Robinson many returns of the day.

THE Field-French Piano and Organ Co., of St. Louis, Jesse French of Nashville, and O. K. Houek & Co., of Memphis, have been consolidated into one organization, under the name of Jesse French Piano and Organ Co. This combination gives the new firm the largest capital, with possibly one exception, of any Piano house in the country, all paid up. In their circular announcing the change, the new firm say:

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THE Paris *Figaro* says that the origin of "Peter's Banquet," the comedy upon which the libretto of "Don Juan" is based to be found in an old Sevillian chronicle which relates that Don Juan Tenorio, a member of one of the first families of Sevilla, the "Twenty-Four" as they were called, kidnapped the daughter of Commander Ulloa and then killed the latter. The Ulloas, who also belonged to the "Twenty-Four," owned, within the walls of the Convent of St. Francis, a chapel in which the Commander was buried and a statue erected to his memory. A fire destroyed both statue and chapel. In the meantime, Don Juan Tenorio continued his orgies, protected by his birth from ordinary judicial prosecutions. The scandal became so great that the Franciscan monks resolved to put an end to it; under some pretext or other Don Juan was inveigled into the convent and put to death during the night. Soon his absence was noticed and his disappearance had to be explained. Then the monks of St. Francis reported that Don Juan Tenorio, while drunk, had insulted the Commander over his tomb and that, to punish him for this sacrilege, a miracle had taken place—that the statue had clasped him to its arms and dragged him down to hell.

#### CHURCH MUSIC.

"So the number of them ... that were instructed in the songs of the Lord, even all that were cunning, was two hundred fourscore and eight."—I. CHRON. xxv., 7.

HIS was a trained choir, selected for musical ability and instructed in the art of song, says the Rev. W. C. Falconer in the *Musical Herald*. The Hebrew "cunning" is the equivalent of our "artistic." They brought art into song as we do into speech. If the uneducated in oratory can enjoy art in speech, why not in music? I wish to write a few plain, earnest, needed words on art in church music. To some, the very term "art" is offensive in this connection. With not a few, the fitness of a piece of music is considered settled when it is denounced as "artistic." In such matters, our prejudices may stand in the way of a fair judgment or our education may have been defective on that side. It may suggest a reconsideration of our hasty judgment to remember that God made ample provision for art in the Old Testament worship.

Now, what is art? Simply what experience has shown to be the best way of doing a thing. "Top-lady" sung to "Rock of Ages" illustrates "fitness of things"; but let the same tune be sung to "Hark, the Song of Jubilee," and, although the metre is the same, you at once perceive an incongruity,—the unfitness of tune to sentiment; in other words, the lack of art. But where is the limit?

Perhaps it will best serve the present purpose to note a few of the leading popular objections to art in sacred song.

(1) It is said the people, as a whole, are not artistic and cannot appreciate artistic music. I find that those who make this objection usually mean "difficult" when they say "artistic." But the artistic is not necessarily difficult, as the use of "Top-lady" in singing "Rock of Ages" illustrates. But, beyond this, the above objection proceeds upon an unwarrantable assumption. It is not true that appreciation of art is limited to the possessors of art. Who buy the paintings and statuary of artists? Not artists, but lovers of art. Some of the best judges of painting never touched a brush. Some of the best judges and most ardent lovers of music never sang or played a note. All depends, not upon artistic talent, but upon taste and disposition.

(2) It is objected that the music of the oratorio is often too difficult. If artistic, the difficulty is not in the music, but in the sentiment. The music is no more difficult than the words. Music adapted to express "Rock of Ages" would not be adequate to express Milton's "Hail, Holy Light, Offspring of Heaven," etc. The same objection would apply to the art of the rhetorician,—the language used may be equally simple, but the subject-matter of one oration may be more difficult than that of another. A person utterly ignorant of the subject would find either sermon or anthem difficult, no matter how simple the words or notes employed to express them.

Experience shows that congregations in time become accustomed to the better class of music, and will not be satisfied without it, showing that what is true of art in painting, sculpture, and rhetoric, is true of art in music.

(3) It is objected that such music is "intellectual and not spiritual." I give the objection in its popular form. If there is any force in this, it must be on the assumption that the intellectual cannot be spiritual; but only the most ignorant would assume this. These make the same objection to sermons and even to portions of the Bible which they do not understand. These appreciate only the emotional, and this only in its grosser form. Only a small part of religious thought is emotional. A series of services, either of song or sermon, conducted on the emotional key, will soon weary any intelligent audience. Music should embrace the whole field of religious life.

(4) It is objected that "operatic" music should not be tolerated in worship. I never knew a musician who did not agree with this. I never heard "opera" in church. I know of no sacred music so written. The objection reveals only the innocent ignorance of the objector. Opera is action: it is the drama set to music. It combines singing and acting. Oratorio is prayer. Always Scriptural and religious, it is the opposite of dramatic composition. Popular prejudice confounds these distinctions. We should distinguish prejudice from true conviction. One is based on ignorance, the other on intelligence. But choirs are too often at fault.

(1) Sometimes, they sacrifice the spiritual sentiment to musical art, and thus become offensive to religious people. Art should minister to religion, and not the reverse.

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From Chicago's great organist and distinguished musician, and Director of the Hershey School of Music, Clarence Eddy:

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"WHAT do you think of Europe?" asked an American musician who was contemplating a trip abroad. "Disgusted," replied Cupid Jones, "with my trip. The Black Sea is green, the Red Sea is gray, the White Sea is blue, the Black Forest is green, and the Blue Danube is yellow."

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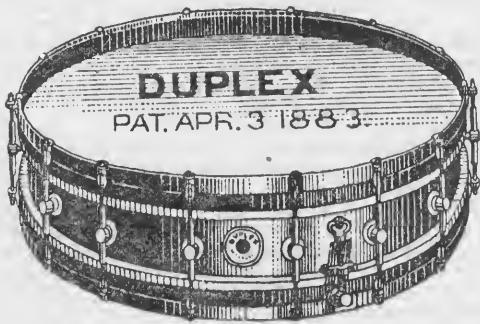
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It is related of the celebrated fiddler, Viotti, who forsook his art and established himself in London as a wine-merchant, that when reproached by a former patron for thus abandoning the musical profession, he replied:

"My dear sir, I find that the English like wine better than music!"

ACCORDING to Mr. Wm. Courtney's own report to *The Voice* of his own song recital at the last meeting of the M. T. N. A., he gave three examples of "German" song. Of these one is by Liszt, a Hungarian and another by Rubinstein, a Russian. In so vast and rich a field as is that of the German song, it is passing strange that Mr. Courtney should have been able to find but one really German song—but not more strange than that in a body such as the M. T. N. A. claims to be no one should have called attention to Mr. Courtney's blunder.

*The Musical Herald* says "It is a startling coincidence that a good larynx and a poor brain often go together. Why singers should be poor musicians, and should lack general education, is a question that may fairly be asked, and the answer is not far to seek. It is because their entrance into music is much easier and pleasanter than that of pianists, organists and composers. A few years spent in drill, in constant exercise of a few muscles, and the deed is done. Many singers, even of the highest rank are not musicians. Patti is not a musician, and has given abundant proofs of the fact; and there are many others who could be named to bear her company." What the *Herald* here say of Mme. Patti is what we have said again and again—and been taken to task for saying. It is the truth, nevertheless.

An old lady who used to be much in London society relates a touching story of the poet Moore. On one occasion, when the brilliant wit and writer was in his old age losing his memory, the American was asked to sing for a small company of which he was one. She complied with the request, and sang: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." The poet listened with evident pleasure to his famous and charming piece, and when the singer finished he said with much earnestness:

"Will you please tell me who wrote that beautiful song?"

"Why, Mr. Moore," she answered, "you certainly can't expect me to believe that you have forgotten your own work!"

The old man regarded her an instant with a pathetic look, the consciousness of the infirmity of his broken mind evidently forcing itself upon him. Then he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. Tom Moore, the brilliant, fiery favorite of London society, could only weep for what he was in remembering what he had been.—*Boston Courier*.

DRAGONETTI (the greatest contrabassist the world has ever known) was inexorable in his refusal to accept an encore; but it is related that on one occasion, after the public had insisted—vainly, as usual—on a repetition of one of his solos, and were still wildly applauding, he explained to the manager in his own peculiar cosmopolitan language, "Das I play encora, mais si paga encora?" The entrepreneur consented; and Dragonetti returned to the platform, and performed his solo a second time. This was, however, the only occasion on which he ever did so.

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